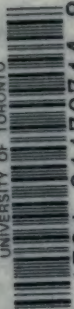


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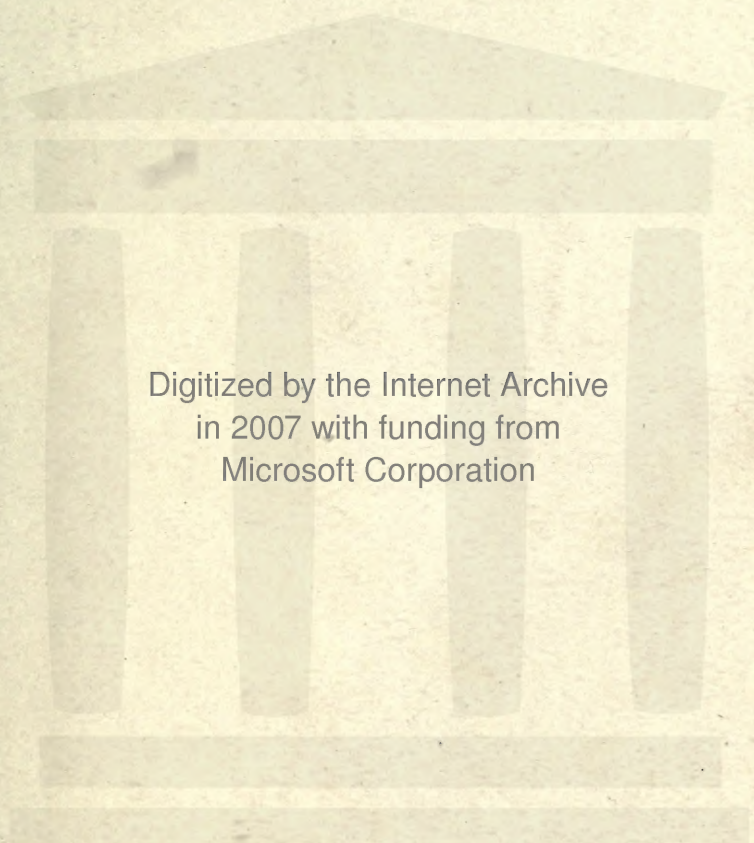
SONGS, POEMS, NOTES
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CORRESPONDENCE
OF
Bishop R. C. Evans



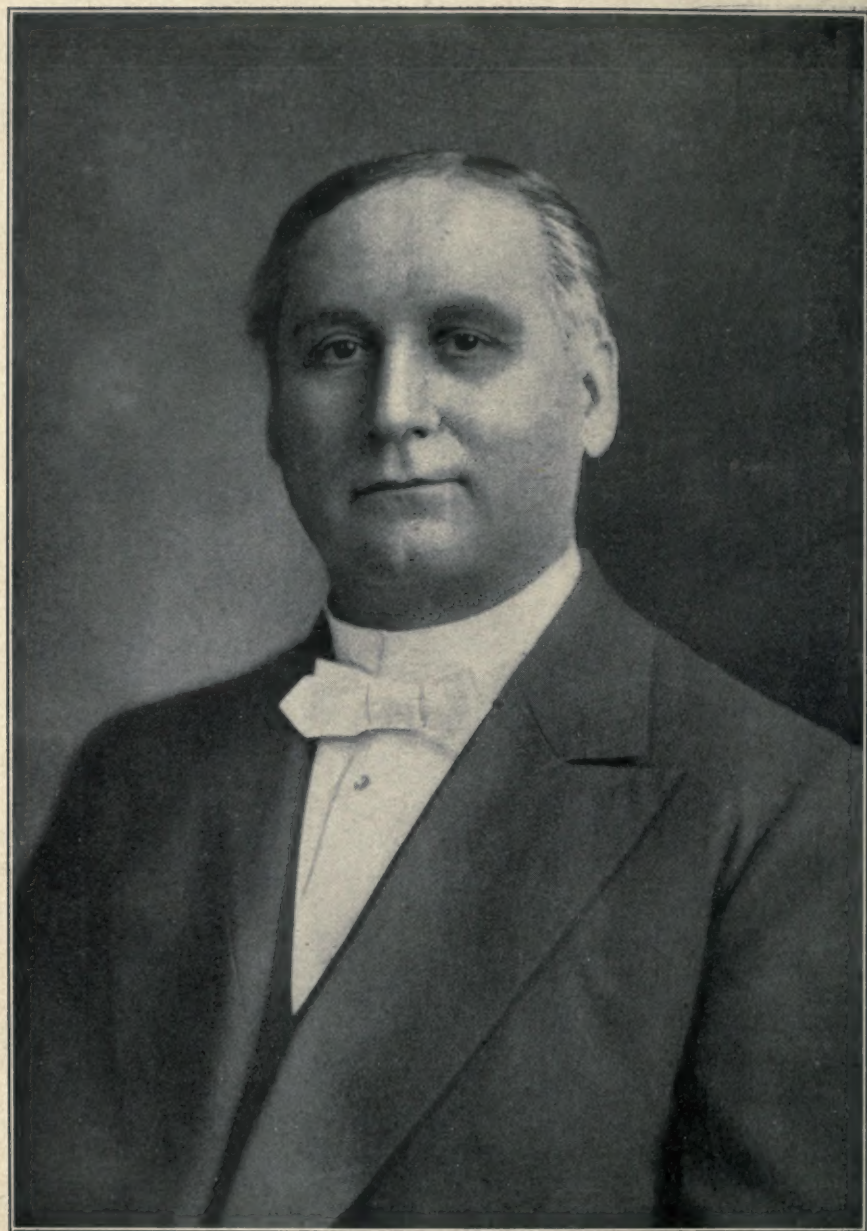
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R. C. Evans

The Songs, Poems, Notes and
Correspondence

of

BISHOP R. C. EVANS

and

Some Addresses presented to him,
from many parts of the world.



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FOREWORD

TEN YEARS ago this month, I placed before my friends and enemies, my Autobiography. Thousands of copies of that book have gone out to the people, and the church has deemed it wise to publish a second edition of it. Since then many people have requested me to give to the world a selection from my poems and songs and addresses. By reason of this continued solicitude, I present this little volume, which may well be called 'THE SILENT THROBBINGS OF A LONELY HEART.'

I was called to the priesthood in 1882, and since then, my time has been devoted to the work. My wife and children have had but little of those years. When home, the people and my writing has taken up much of those hours which most other men devote to their family, and for more than a quarter of a century I have been traveling over the world in the interest of the gospel work. Some times for more than a year at a time I have not been over a Sunday with my family, and much of the time only a few days at home, and then away for months.

While I have had many friends all over the world, where I have travelled, yet often while in a crowd, I have been lonesome. Times of happiness have come to me, but in the main, my life has been one lonely night of sacrifice and I have permitted many of these songs to go to the public to show the secret sorrows and loneliness of my life, I perhaps, have not been the greatest sufferer; my children have endured many deprivations, and my Lizzie, who gave me to the church, has been a living martyr. The last few years I have been permitted to remain at home much of the time, and they have been the happiest years of my life, yet I have been busy most every hour I have been awake.

These songs and poems and addresses have many errors therein. But I prefer to send them out without alteration, because they give me just as I was, and as I am. If they were free from grammatical, and other mistakes those who know me would say, he did not write them.

R. C. Evans.



PREFACE

THE author of this volume, Bishop R. C. Evans, was once a news boy on the streets of London, Ontario, where he was subjected to all the hardships and influences, good and bad, incident to such a life. Daily he was passed unnoticed by the thousands, but watched over by One who would later pick up that rough stone from London's pavements; and in His own way polish it, until its brilliance would illuminate the lives of thousands.

The polishing was not done in the halls of learning, but in the real drama of life. An unlearned boy, called of God a Priest, around him broke the fury of all the opposition Satan could muster; but God was with him.

He was not hoisted on the pedestal of fame; but was obliged to take every step on the way which led him through poverty, privation and hardship; cast off by former friends, ostracized by society and mobbed by religionists, he pressed on in his Master's service.

Twice to the writer's knowledge was tar and feathers prepared for him, and once was he under fire of the mob's guns. Two friends were with him at the time, one being wounded in the head, the other in the side, while Bishop Evans seemed to have a charmed life, shot marks surrounded the place where he stood, yet he escaped without a mark upon his body. He preached to some of that mob the next night, and soon won the favor of some of them, so much so that they assisted to build a church near the place where the mobbers sought his life.

Thus was developed that unflinching determination to stand for the right regardless of all opposition, for has he not learned under fire of the mob that God will sustain.

Step by step he advanced in the Church. He first served as a Priest, then as Elder, a Seventy, an Apostle, a Counselor in the First Presidency, the highest quorum in the church. After having served for five years in this high position, the Lord released him with this assurance of acceptance, 'HE

HAS BEEN EARNEST AND FAITHFUL IN SERVICE AND HIS REWARD IS SURE." Doc. and Cov. Sect. 129, Par. 1.

Through all the opposition and experience a great Soul was being developed; and his writings in this book portrays the inner man. Not penned for publication, they come to us unrestrained and unadorned, the throbbings of a heart. Many of them were written to his wife, when he was engulfed in loneliness, far away from home. His article on our late venerable church President, and his wonderful word painting of the Master's footsteps in Palestine, are worth several times the price of the book.

The touching tribute paid him by the church President when nearing the close of his life, shows the personal friendship and love he had for him. To hold the love, and retain the confidence of Joseph Smith for so many years of close association, is a great honor conferred upon Bishop Evans, and this will live when those who have persecuted him will be remembered with pity and contempt.

The many presentations, covering his many years of public life, bear witness of the esteem in which he is held, these have continued throughout his forty years of church work, and come from Religious, Sunday School, Branch District and mission organizations. His writings have been many and have probably accomplished as much as his preaching. His autobiography, book of fifty sermons, and his millions of other sermons have gone broadcast over most every nation in the civilized world.

He is now in his 57th year and is preaching to thousands in one of Toronto's largest theatres. He has baptized many people every year for many years, and this year has baptized one hundred and twenty five alone.

May his life work as depicted in this volume be an inspiration to others in this great Latter Day Glory, is my prayer.

A. F. McLEAN,

President of Toronto Branch,

48 Fern Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Dec., 20th, 1917

Songs and Poems

of

BISHOP R. C. EVANS

FROM NEWS-BOY TO THE CHURCH PRESIDENCY.

A Life story of Bishop R. C. Evans. Told in blank verse by F. R. Tubb.

Cycles upon cycles,
Years upon years,
Till the gathering dawn
Of Eternity nears!
Tempests of life-storm,
Hurricane's blast,
Tornado and cyclone,
Sweet rest at last.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast,
Thou—O Lord—ordained,
Strength, because of thine enemies,
And yea, the feeblest things on earth
Minister to thee, thou Lord of Heaven and all.

Turn stranger, turn thou thine enquiring gaze,
On London's prosperous City, and view with keen amaze,
Your little newsboy.
Mark thou his eager mien,
Though biting winds and storm
Envelope fast his small and ill-clad form.

Tis for a mother that he dares the blast,
And shrinks not from bitter storm cloud's wrath,
To earn a pittance for that mother loved and poor,
He carries papers thus from door to door.

Cans't thou believe, O stranger from afar,—
That in that self-same meagre clad and lonely figure,
thou dost see
One destined to be great with God,
And to proclaim with valiant energy,
The Eternal Gospel to uncounted thousand souls.

Once the blind poet Milton sang,
"God doth not need—
Either man's works or His own gifts,
His state is Kingly,
Thousands upon His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Watch then, the life and story of this boy,
Lowly indeed, but offspring of

A tender mother's tears, and prayers, and sighs.
Anon, behold him as with curious
And heedless steps he nears
One day the meeting house of
God's dear children, called the Saints.

Rough and unpolished is the fane,
Unornamented, unadorned;
And poor and few, the hearers gathered there
Like as in lonely Nazareth of old,
Behold the aged elder as he stands
Uplifting unto Heaven, his trembling toil-worn hands,
With humble reverence in prayer,
Then he calls upon "Johnny Cornish" to address the throng,
Of humble, heart-felt wanderers there,
Devoid of powers of eloquence,
Or grace of chivalry to stir men's blood,
The boyish preacher stands,
And for a while discloseth nothing new,
Or stirring or remarkable;
But lo, when suddenly
A stranger and a transcendent power
As raging winds from out a desert calm
Seizes upon the youth;
When lo, like Eolin's fabled harp
His hands, his lips, his very frame—
Responds to Heaven's own harmonies,
And voices forth, wave upon wave, peal upon peal,
The music of the Eternal Gospel's
Power in Latter Days.
All hearts seem hushed,
And many eyes bedewed with tears,
Unbidden, while they list amazed, enthralled,
To the Supernal organist, performing Heavenly harmonies,
Upon an instrument of frailest clay;
For even as our learned brother Paul hath said,
"We have this treasure hid in earthen vessels,
Even as in forms of clay."

Look out again and see
The erstwhile newsboy issue forth,
With pale unwonted brow,
And with the light of firm resolve
Shining within his eyes.
This was kind Heaven's own time,
The "Lord's " set time to favor Zion—
To favor Zion's come.
And after many conflicts,
Trials, and sad vicissitudes,

Behold him enter in
The portals of God's church,
E'en the Celestial Shepherd's fold.

Anon behold in time
His ordination as a Priest,
In this effulgent Church divine,
And later still, as one among,
The Elders see him stand.
And minister before the Lord;
Power attends the word,
His lips unshackled pour—
Such eloquence and such conviction
Upon the listn'g Saints from far and near,
That all with one consent esteem him, and proclaim,
His title, "The Boy Preacher."

From this time onward enemies
On every hand arise,
And with envenomed tongue defame,
The preacher's youth despise,
But God, with unenfeebled hand,
Leads him from strength to strength,
Till the arch-angel of Heaven's unconquered band,
Appears for him at length,
And in the Seventies quorum now we see him stand.

"The righteous shall hold on his way,
And he that hath clean hands
Shall wax stronger and stronger."

Thus saith the unerring voice of inspiration's power,
And God's own declaration in his word,
We now behold our brother called
To the Apostles' quorum
By Angel power and revelation's dictum.
Yet still the storm
Of opposition rises higher
And criticism surges strong
On every hand
But, midst the solemn silence
Of an Angel's presence
All, all is carried out
As God decreed.

Evidence upon evidence
Of Heaven's controlling hand
And guiding destiny of Providence,
Attest the call;—

Whilst thousand souls
In Canada's Dominion fair,
Rejoice with upraised heart and voice
At many signs of God's Divine approval
And tokens of His will.
But not alone fair Canada,
The country of his birth,
Hath tested of his eloquence,
Or known our brother's worth.
For in far-off distant lands,
Upon this mundane sphere,
From Maine to California,
The preacher's fame is there.
Even unto the British Isles,
Those "Islands of the Sea"—
A fragrant memory remains,
Of sermons in the past,
And words of cheer remembered there,
While time itself shall last.
His works and writings prized,
"From India's foreign strand"
To Denmark, even China too,
Our Bishop's book has scanned.
But best of all, the "Highest One",
Hath granted miracles,
Those signs of an Apostle true
Hath showed with literal hand,
The blind to see, the sick ones healed,
To some the feeble mind
Endued with wondrous power and strength,
Sweet peace and rest to find,
Children with deadly fevers seized
Released with but a word,
And deadly dark contagious powers,
Rebuked as by the Lord.

Angry recriminating men
Of valour too, and fame,
Have challenged the "Boy Preacher"
Both oft and time again,
To meet them on the public stand,
Full in the public eye,
To hold debate on doctrine, feeling sure,
Their victory was nigh,
But ere the days of conflict's strife,
Had half their number fled
Our brother, by the arm of God
Had sorely vanquished
And conquered men of such renown,
Thousands have marvelled so

To see small David meet Goliath,
And see him beaten too.
Long fastings and earnest prayers told
How David gained his strength
Until resolved to have God's aid,
His prayers prevailed at length.
E'en so—like Jacob—all the night
He fought to win the prize,
And greatly was surprised to see
The dawning morn arise.
Thus our beloved brother fought
Not as one beats the air,
But as he felt and as he sought,
The Angels camp was there.
How can the powers of earth or hell,
Defeat the man whose power
Is won from the all searching God
By fasting and by prayer.

Time moving on apace
With quick'ning feet,
Hastens the consummation,
Till in the marvellous Providence of God,
Presaged by intimations irresistible—
The erstwhile newsboy reaches to
The highest Quorum's fame,
And for a time as Councillor unto
The Churches aged President,
He holds aloft
The flag of truth and victory,
E'en the emblazoned banner of the Lord.

Now last of all, agreeably to Angel tongues,
And the behest of God, the all enthroned,
Behold our brother placed,
As Bishop of this land,
Even fair Canada's Dominion.
Until that august Arch-Angel
The glory-crowned wreath upon his brow—
With Canada emblazoned upon its beauteous folds,
Is satisfied.
And with uplifted hands upon our Bishop's head
He smiled one bright effulgent smile,
And says to him,
"Abide thou here, my servant, for awhile,
Until I come again,
For I will see thee yet again, once more,
With joy encrowned visage,
And your joy
Shall no more take from thee away."

A MISSIONARY'S PRAYER

Composed in Cameron, 1884.

Tune—"Shall We Gather at the River?"

I am far away from loved ones,
From my home I love so dear,
In a land mid foes and strangers
To teach people God to fear,
When the sun is bright and cheering
When the moon is shining fair
And the stars are twinkling lovely,
'Tis then I think of home so dear.

Now my Father guide my loved ones,
Keep them free from sin or pain
Till in thine own time 'tis wisdom,
That we meet on earth again.

Though we're parted from each other,
'Tis the gospel truth to tell,
That the honest hearted people
May be saved, and with Christ dwell,
O then God, in Heaven have mercy,
Help thy servant to proclaim
Thy great truth, in all its fulness,
That they, salvation may obtain.

THE APOSTACY AND RESTORATION

The earth was all bathed in gross darkness,
Apostacy waved o'er the world,
Cruel Rome and her daughters were killing,
Idolatory's flag was unfurled.
The thumb-screw, the rack, and the faggot,
Were instruments used on each side,
Thus Romans and Protestants slaughtered,
Till thousands on each side have died.

CHORUS

Great God, haste the day when cruel Babylon
Shall fall by thine almighty power,
When truth shall be loved by all nations,
And priestcraft be cherished no more.

Thus darkness has covered all nations
For many long centuries past,
But God in His wisdom and mercy,
Restored the true Gospel at last.
An angel from Heaven descended,
The priesthood brought back to the world;
Brave Joseph, the seer, God commissioned,
Soon truth's Gospel flag was unfurled.

The church with apostles and prophets,
With doctrine as taught by the Lord,
Went forth till she gathered in thousands
Who loved the true Gospel restored.
When treason assaulted her honor,
Apostates were many and cruel,
She lived, through the death of the prophet,
Soon God sent young Joseph to rule.

CHORUS

Thank God the great day of deliverance
Is near when thy glory shall shine,
When all other nations do homage
To truth and the Kingdom divine.

Give ear to His voice, O ye people,
Fear not, work for God and the right;
This church now by many despised
To millions will be a delight.
God give unto Israel great wisdom,
In pulpit, in workshop, and Herald,
Then Latter Day Saints will be honored,
And Joseph be pride of the world.

Permit me to inform my readers, that I see several parts in the song that could be improved, but I have never felt like changing one word. It was given to me under the following circumstances. I arrived home in time for an entertainment. The committee desired me to sing. I had nothing I cared to sing. When in the church during rehearsal, I wrote the song hurriedly, and went forward and sang it that same evening. God has frequently blessed his saints while singing it. The saints in far off Australia have set the words to a new tune. I heard Elder Wells singing it to the new tune during the late conference. You have my consent to send it far and wide, with the rest of Glad Tidings.

May 21, 1900.

Your brother,
R. C. Evans

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS

BY ELDER R. C. EVANS.

[Composed Dec. 20, 1898. Sung by his son Willie at a Christmas entertainment, to the tune of "Sweet Bunch of Daisies."]

Back through the ages, come with me tonight,
Bethlehem's stable, radiant with light,
Mother and Son, shepherds and wise men
All tell the story, lovely now as then.

CHORUS

Hope of the ages; darling of God;
Israel's Messiah, Saviour and Lord;
Bethlehem's beauty; God's love unfurled,
Hail Son of Mary, Light of the world.

Angels of heaven sweetly worshiped Thee,
So we in earth-life humbly bow the knee,
Help us to suffer, working for the best,
That when thou comest, we may each find rest.

This tree's an emblem of the cruel cross,
Had not Christ suffered, oh! how great our loss,
Each Christmas offering on the tree we lift,
This night reminds us of God's Christmas gift.

HOME

Written by R. C. Evans in Nantyglo, Wales, July 10, 1903
Tune—Just Before the Battle Mother.

Twilight flings her lonely shadows
Over mountain tops and vales,
Birds have hushed their notes of gladness,
Night has settled down o'er Wales,
Tired miners seek their cottage
Nestling mid the rocks and glens,
While my thoughts glide o'er the water
To my distant home and friends.

CHORUS

Home, the sweetest word e'er spoken,
Home, most sacred place on earth,
Home, where wife and children prayeth,
Home, where heaven had its birth.

Wales, thou land of glorious twilight,
Famous for thy hills and dales,
Sacred memories crowd your castles,
Grave yards tell dead centuries' tales,
Here a thousand years and over,
Famous Kings and Queens did roam,
But with all your fame and greatness
'Tis not like my far-off home.

New mown hay sheds forth its perfume
Hawthorne hedges gird the fields,
From your mines come coal and iron,
While the surface fruitage yields,
Houses reared in bygone ages,
Roofs and floors and stairs of stone;
Inmates gave us royal welcome
Still we sigh for home, sweet home.

TRIBUTE TO UNCLE JOHN

By R. C. Evans, to J. H. Lake, 1900.

Dear Brother Lake, my pen I take
To write for you a rhyme.
When in this book you chance to look
You'll think of me sometime.
E'en though in distant lands we roam,
Far from each others sight
May for each other we oft pray,
Both morning, noon and night.

As long as memory's lamp shall burn
Be I in Heaven or earth,
As long as virtue shall be prized
I'll never forget your worth.
'Twas you who took me by the hand
And helped me up the road,
Of righteousness and truth the path
That leads us up to God.

May Heaven's blessings ever crown
Your labors with success,
And when your last brave word is spoke,
May you find peace and rest.
And when this hand can write no more
Earth's trials have passed away,
I hope to meet you with our Lord,
And spend eternal day.

CANADA

Composed by R. C. Evans when in London, England, September 17th,
1903.

Dear Canada, my home,
Birthplace, far o'er the foam,
Favored of God,
Memory recalls thy hills,
Thy waterfalls and rills,
Thy happy cities, verdant dells,
Fair Canada.

Those dear on earth to me
Dwell on your land to-day;
Wife, children, home,
Long may thine honor shine,
Long may thy voice sublime,
Proclaim aloud all truth divine,
Fair Canada.

Free Canada, you gave
Asylum to the slave,
Succor and hope,
When men had chained their kind,
When blood hounds sought to find,
You proved you were God's child, man's friend,
Fair Canada.

Thy voice and arm has been
Strong to defend and win
Freedom for man,
Life, home and liberty,
Honor, equality;
You stand for true humanity,
Fair Canada.

I long to live and die
Beneath thy sunny sky,
'Mid fern and flower;
Blessed by God above,
Entwined by those I love,
God grant I never more shall rove
From Canada.

S. S. CONVENTION

The annual convention of
Our brilliant Sunday Schools,
We'll meet before the conference,
According to our rules.

We will call on R. C. Evans,
A man of wond'rous power,
Our chosen superintendent,
To lead us for the hour.

Two scribes to use the pencil,
Among the Saints we'll find,
To note down all our business acts,
With clear and active mind.

We'll hear reports of all our schools,
From clerks and presidents,
While minds grow bright, and hearts grow light,
In pond'ring their contents.

We'll listen to the speeches made,
By those who love the school,
And we'll note their acts of wisdom,
And heed their golden rules.

We'll hear the love of children told,
In accents sweet and mild,
Until we think the greatest hearts
Are those most like a child,

We'll cheer the hearts that are cast down,
We'll give the erring light,
We'll melt the hard with love divine,
And prove that truth is might.

We'll teach truth, system, order, love,
In all our Sunday Schools,
And seek to teach all saints who come,
Association rules.

We have among our ranks the young,
The middle aged, the old,
The hopeful, careless, bright, and dull,
The bashful and the bold.

Oh God, give teachers wisdom, light,
Discernment, patience, love,
That we may teach each one aright,
And lead their thoughts above.

Like Paul, make us to be all things,
That we may suit each case,
And lead them all by Gospel truth
To win the Gospel race.

—Mrs. Dan McGregor,
nee Maggie Campbell.

THE STORM

Far out on the human tempest,
A storm is on the deep;
'Tis midnight on the waters,
Oh weep, my people weep.

Ye have wandered far from the harbor
Far out on the raging sea;
Oh, why did ye spurn my counsel,
Oh, why did ye stray from me.

Fat out on the raging billows
I see your storm-tossed bark;
The sport of the angry waters—
Ye are drifting out in the dark.

Look up, see the lighthouse yonder,
Beware of the cruel rock;
Grasp quickly the life-line—'tis for you,
Return and be safe on the dock.

Soon billows and storms will be over;
Soon darkness and gloom will be past—
The night with its dangers be ended,
The day-dawn in splendor to last.

The haven of rest is before you,
Steer straight for the bright golden shore;
Strive to enter Divinity's white calm,
There humanity's storms beat no more.

These lines written by Bishop Evans when his boy and girl were small. Willie clothed in rags played the part of a boot black, and Lizzie dressed in rags, playing the part of a newspaper seller. He sang the old song "Father dear Father come Home With Me Now", and Lizzie met him in the stormy street and sang the following song. This song has been published before; those printing said, "Author unknown, but R. C. composed it.

RUM'S VICTIMS

Once more we have met on the cold snowy street!
Like you I am freezing, with nothing to eat.
My mama and papa are laid 'neath the snow—
I háve no one to love me and no place to go.

My mama once told me of a babe, long ago,
Who was born in a stable surrounded by snow.
He grew up a man, and because He loved God
He was taken from sorrow to sweet rest above.

Now let us bow in the cold cheerless snow
And tell God we are starving and no place to go.
He surely will pity, if we Him entreat—
O, God send us help ere we die in the street.

My mama and papa once were happy and well;
We lived in a cottage in a flowery dell;
Bright pictures were hung on the walls of each room;
We were as strangers to sorrow, starvation and gloom.

The birds warbled forth their love-songs at night,
The sweet flowers bloomed in the bright morning light
Our home was so happy till papa drank rum—
Then all our sorrow and misery begun.

Soon papa failed, then we lost our nice home.
While drunk he killed mama, I heard her last groan.
On the gallows he said he loved mama, but rum
Robbed him of manhood, wife, child, life and home.

O, why don't the world do away with the drink
By causing distilleries and breweries to sink?
Then wine shops and barrooms would cease to sell rum—
What a sunburst of joy to sad hearts would come.

Homes that are dark with intemperance and crime
Would rejoice neath the light deliverance sublime.
Children to school would be able to go—
You'd not find them starving like us in the snow.

O, God show the world how we suffer tonight
Robbed of mama and papa, shut out from love's light.
We are starving and freezing—deprived of our home.
All of our misery is caused by cruel rum.

SILENT THROBBINGS FROM A LONELY HEART.

Composed for my Lizzie Dec. 6th, 1889, at Proton, Ont.

Tune "Faraway."

When the birds retire in silence,
In their cosy little nest,
When the sun goes down in grandeur,
In the blue sky of the West;
When all nature seems to whisper,
Go to sleep this silent night,
Then fond memory brings to vision
Loved and tried ones far from sight.

When the stars are shining lovely,
In the bright and silent night,
When the pale moon up in heaven,
Cheers the earth with mellow-light;
When the whippoorwill is sighing,
Lonely in the mossy dell,
Then I think of those far distant,
And that last sad word "Farewell."

God in heaven cheer our lone hearts,
While we travel through this world,
Help us to fill well our mission,
Face the foe, with flag unfurled.
Though we're parted from our loved ones,
And the time goes slowly by,
Guard our bark through every tempest
Then we'll meet 'neath cloudless sky.

When the voyage of life is over,
When the prize is won that's sought,
When the last brave word is spoken,
And they're crowned, who faithful fought.
There in Paradisial beauty,
We will truly be repaid,
We shall meet to part no never,
Where the flowers never fade.

THE PARTING

To R. C. Evans, when he left home on his first mission.

Dear Brother, I'm so grieved to part with you:—
Oh! I can hardly bear to say adieu.
I've known and loved you, since you were a lad,
It would be strange, if I did not feel sad.
O, I remember well the time when you
Tried to convince me, that "The Work" was true
Especially on one occasion, when
I said, "If all you teach is true, why then
All Christians in this place would see the light,
And gladly all come forth to do the right,
By six of you, this city could be shaken,
If you were true, and all else were mistaken,
However, I am sure, that I'm God's child,
I strive to walk before Him undefiled,
He will, I know, lead me in the right way,
And never suffer me to go astray."
O, I'm glad I ever met with you,
For now, I too can say, "The work is true",
O yes, I know 'tis true, and come what may
I'll follow Jesus, follow Him each day
And before others let my light so shine,
That all my friends may know, the work's Divine.
Dear brother, I shall often think of thee,
Your fervent prayers, have greatly helped me
In times of sickness and perplexity,
And must we part—perhaps to meet no more,
Until we meet where partings are all o'er?
I do feel sorry, but I don't repine
For 'tis our Heavenly Father's wise design.
At Christ's command, go forth, and in His name
Pardon and liberty to all proclaim.
And from the thralldom of the foe and sin,
May you lead many thousands unto Him.
May you be welcomed and beloved by all,
May showers of blessings on your pathway fall,
Farewell, my brother, we shall meet again,
Where there's no parting sigh, no tears, no pain.

June 9th, 1886.

M. R. C.

THE HOLY LAND OF ZION

Composed by R. C. Evans, 1881

Air—Sweet By and Bye.

There's a land that is better than this,
And I wish in my heart I was there,
'Tis the beautiful land of the west,
Where all of the Saints will repair.

CHORUS

Zion's land, blessed land,
There the people of God will be home—
In the sweet by and bye,
They shall meet once again ne'er to roam.

O, I long for that great time to come,
When the Saints all united shall be;
Then power and strength shall be given,
And the pleasures of Satan shall flee.

CHORUS

In the sweet land of rest,
Faithful Saints there united will stand,
To reign with Christ a thousand years,
In that holy and God blessed land.

Soon the glorious millennium will shine;
There'll be rest for the poor and the brave,
When the Saviour of men will appear,
Giving crowns both to freeborn and slave.

CHORUS

O then, Saints, faithful be,
So that we may a great crown obtain;
When Christ appears He will say—
Come and reign, faithful ones, come and reign.

Though the church has been driven to shame,
By false leaders who loveth a lie,
Yet God looked on His own bleeding Zion,
When He heard the heartrending cry.

CHORUS

O, then, Saints think of this,
And beware when deceivers are near;
Look to God for to guide,
And you in fair Zion will appear.

Though the Saints have been scattered abroad,
Some have died the great truth to defend,
But our God, who is just, will reward
All the Martyrs with crowns in the end.

CHORUS

Let us faithful prove
In the Gospel that we have embraced,
For a crown we'll receive
If we run to the end of the race.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT

Tune—"Stand up for Jesus."
1900.

The sun is always shining,
Upon the Saints of God,
When they in faith are walking
Upon the narrow road.
They bear their testimony,
They offer up their prayer,
When they are all united,
They find that I am there.

But when they doubt and wander,
In ways of wickedness
Forgetting sacred duty,
To walk in righteousness
They fall, are weak and sinful,
In darkness they abide,
My spirit is insulted,
From them, my face I hide.

Come, Come my saints be faithful,
Come worship me your God,
Forget not all my blessings
That's strewn upon thy road.
If you will do your duty,
And serve me day by day,
I'll save you in my Kingdom,
Give ear to what I say.

A VOICE OF WARNING

Interpretation of tongue given through Elder R. C. Evans, 1882.
Tune—"The Dying Nun."

I would speak unto my people,
I would counsel and advise,
For I willeth not that any
Should my law and grace despise.
I have shielded and protected
Through long years of cold and heat,
I am willing still to bless you
If the covenant you will keep.

Think how often I have spoken,
Think of power I've displayed.
When in faith you came before me
I have always comfort gave
In the hour of pain and sickness,
In the hour of dark despair,
In the silent hour of midnight,
When you called I heard your prayer.

Hearken unto me, my people,
I have spoken unto you;
O, possess your souls in patience,
Be ye faithful, kind and true.
Lift your head and ope' your vision;
See, my coming's near at hand;
Live in peace with one another,
Soon you'll dwell at my right hand.

While in British Columbia I ordained two priests and one teacher organized two branches, one at Chilliwack, the other at New Westminster, baptized one, collected over a thousand dollars in tithing and preached in Chilliwack, New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, and had quite an experience when crossing the Pacific Ocean from Vancouver to Victoria. There was a great storm, and while at prayer, I received a great blessing, whereupon I arose and wrote the following song, which has been sung throughout Canada, entitled, "The Storm."

THE STORM

Tune—"The Republic."

'Tis night on the mighty Pacific,
The white crested waves wildly roll,
The great ship is tossing and plunging,
Grave fear fills the heart of each soul,
My thoughts wander over the waters,
To the dear one I love far away;
Sweet memory recalls the last promise
"Fear not, for you ever I'll pray."

Like a star gleaming over the waters
Dispelling the darkness away,
Came those words full of comfort from Lizzie,
"Fear not, for you ever I'll pray."

'Mid the sickness, the wailing and danger,
The noise of the ship and the crew,
A vision of home and of loved ones,
Burst brilliant and clear to my view.
By our own fireside they are kneeling,
List' they mention the one far away,
A calmness serene now comes O'er me,
I know God will hear those who pray.

Like a weary child falls into slumber,
So the wild billows hushed in the deep,
The harbor lights gleamed in the distance,
The fear stricken crew ceased to weep.
I quietly made my thank offering,
To Him who had conquered the foam,
While thoughts wandered far over the waters,
To the dear one who prayed at our home.

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST

Composed Dec. 14th, 1883, by R. C. Evans, and recited by him at
the Xmas entertainment by request.

When Jesus knew His time had come,
For to be offered up
He said to Judas, "What thou doest,
Do quick", then gave to him the cup.
What love and meekness He showed forth
In all His life upon the earth,
Though a man of sorrow and of grief
A king, although of humble birth.

O Garden of Gethsemane,
Thy trees could record bear,
Of Jesus' suffering and pain,
And also of his fervent prayer.
"O God if it be possible,
Let this great cup of death pass by,
But Father not my will, but thine,
Be ever done, even though I die".

The "traitor" Judas, with a host
With sword, and stave and spear
Took Jesus to the judgment hall,
Before Pontious Pilate to appear.
When Pilate said "He's innocent,
I find in Him, no guile, no sin,"
The people cried "Your Caesar foe
We will not have this man as king".

Then Pilate said "Take Him away,
His blood be on your head,
For when I would have let Him go
You wished a murderer in His stead,"
Then Jesus went to Calvary,
The cross upon His back,
With all the powers of hell combined
And Pharisees upon His track.

When Jesus reached Mount Calvary,
They threw Him on the cross
Then nailed His sacred hands and feet
Thus issued from him all the dross
They put on Him a purple robe
Then for His garments they did choose,
Then Pilate wrote a title plain,
Jesus of Nazareth, King of Jews.

A Roman Soldier pierced His side,
He speaks, the annointed one,
"Father forgive them all" He cried
"Receive the spirit of thy Son,"
But hark I hear the thunders roll,
The temple's vale is rent in twain,
The rocks and solid marbles quake
The king of day sinks down in pain.

Just think of Christ's great suffering
Endured for fallen man,
True to His mission here on earth,
Led to the slaughter like a lamb,
His mother on the scene appears,
See faithful followers bathed in tears,
They thought all Israel's hope was lost,
Dark was their minds, with doubts and fears.

They laid Him then in Joseph's tomb,
While soldiers watch around,
'Twas then, the powers of earth and hell,
Rejoiced to see the Saviour bound.
Hark, see a mighty Angel flies,
The seal is broke, the stone rolled back,
The Christ triumphantly appears,
To Saints upon life's thorny track.

He ate and drank, He walked and talked
With saints upon the shore
Who saw that Galilean Scene
Shall ne'er forget it more.
He visited the "Prison House"
And set the captives free
Then after forty-days, He went
To Heaven triumphantly.

By Him the original debt was paid
By Him the Gospel plan was laid,
That all men may live unto God
By obedience to His holy word.
Think how He fell beneath the load,
Think how He suffered on the tree,
Know that 'twas done for you and me
And then remember Calvary.

THE BOOK OF MORMON

Kind friends give ear to what I say,
Don't turn away, nor scoff I pray,
I tell of God's eternal truth
That came to me when but a youth,
The truth is what we all should love
For it cometh down from God above
The truth will judge both you and I
When Jesus comes from yonder sky.

The book of Mormon is of God,
I know it is the iron rod,
The book Isaiah said should come,
To cheer the poor, the blind, the dumb,
It is the stick of Ephraam found
That laid for ages under ground,
It whispers history from the dust
America's forgotten host.

'Twas in Cumora's lofty hill,
This record laid so long and still
Till by command of Israel's God,
Young Joseph Smith removed the sod,
There lay before the unlearned youth,
On plates like gold, God's sacred truth,
This book tells of those cities found,
In this our land under the ground.

The Angel soared to earth from Heaven,
The gospel power again is given,
The priesthood is conferred on man
According to the ancient plan,
The laying on of hands is taught
And mighty miracles are wrought,
Baptism, faith, repentance all,
Essential points saith Christ and Paul.

Dear friends I now conclude my song,
We'll meet the God of Saints ere long,
And there be judged both great and small,
By our own works we'll stand or fall,
Obey the truth 'twill make you free,
Though earthly friends shall from you flee,
With the redeemed in Zion you'll meet,
With Christ shall walk the golden street.

THE COMING OF THE KING

Given in Tongues, and interpretation by the Spirit through Bishop
R. C. Evans, in Toronto, Ont., Wednesday, October 23rd, 1912.

Soon the bright and glorious morning,
Of the Resurrection Day,
Shall dawn with brilliant beauty o'er the land,
When my Saints shall rise to meet me,
As I come through opening cloud,
When the great Millenium army I command.

CHORUS

I am coming in the morning,
I am coming in the morning,
I am coming in the morning,
When night is o'er, then dawns eternal day.

Soon the trumpet's blast will waken
Those who sleep in earthly beds,
Then the gates of Paradise shall swing ajar,
There amid supernal splendors,
In my presence ever more,
Shall my Saints rejoice in glory bright and fair.

When I speak the Church shall tremble,
And the world shall feel the power,
Then my Servants shall be called Priests and Kings,
They shall teach and rule the nations,
Until every knee shall bow,
And the Universe my coronation sing.

REPLY TO ELDER LAKE

Lines sent to Elder J. H. Lake when he was in Missouri in 1886, by
R. C. Evans.

Dear Brother it gives me much pleasure to say
Your letter came safely to hand t'other day,
And though in itself, it really was small,
Yet few words, are better than no word at all.
A few words expressive, may speak a warm heart
And sometimes a sentence, will comfort impart.
It gives me much pleasure to hear that my friend
Through mercy is spared and willing to send
His love, and regards, his wishes for good
To distant relations in one brotherhood.

It cheers me to think my brother does feel,
At yonder great distance, a care for my weal,
And send up petitions to God through His Son,
It may be when I have no heart of my own;
And beg of my Saviour, some blessings to send
To warm the poor heart of his far distant friend.
Believe me dear brother, a word by the way,
Inspires me to duty, and leads me to pray,
You asked me to write some poetry, I know,
You thought I forgot but I've only been slow,
Give my regards to all saints over there,
Not forgetting our Presidents Joseph and Blair.

JOSEPH'S BIRTHDAY

Telegram sent to President Joseph Smith on his birthday by R. C.
Evans.

"Comrade, Brother, Friend and Lover,
Revelator, Prophet, Seer,
Please accept congratulations,
'Tis your birthday—eighty year,
Never has octogenarian,
Filled a mission great as thine,
May the God that led thee thus far,
Guide thee on to rest divine.

The same Dick.

To President Joseph Smith,
1214 West Shore St.,
Independence, Mo.

ORGANIZATION OF TORONTO BRANCH

Memory's hand is reaching backward,
O'er the dead years of the past,
When God sent me to Toronto,
To perform a sacred task.
First I preached to few, in private,
Six or seven, some times less,
God confirmed to them, His promise
That the faithful He would bless.

Dan McGillvary's rough cast cottage,
Birth place of the little branch,
One one board, the few were seated,
Like strangers in a Western ranch.
Thus organized, the few were happy,
I had no place to lay my head,
Unless I journeyed to the Junction,
Where Brother Ward gave me a bed.

Soon the Saints purchased a bedstead,
Brother Hattie gave the room,
Honest hearts believe the Gospel
Came to Christ, no more to roam.
We preached in halls and private houses,
Then we built the Camden Church,
People came till it was crowded
Now we for larger quarters search.

MY LIZZIE'S BIRTHDAY

I received a letter from my Lizzie the evening of February 18th, her birthday, and wrote the following song, to the tune of Maggie May.

The pure snow has covered the earth, Lizzie,
The pale moon is running her race,
While Night winds are singing a song, Lizzie,
I think of your sweet voice and face.
The years that have gone since we met, Lizzie,
Are laden with sorrow and Joy,
But to me you're more dear than you were, Lizzie,
When I was a young thoughtless boy.

I loved you because you were fair, Lizzie,
With long curly locks bright as day,
I now love you because you are pure, Lizzie,
And will while the sun sheds a ray,
You have proven yourself pure and true, Lizzie,
Devoted and gentle through life,
And tonight before God I can say, Lizzie,
You're worthy the name, Mother, Wife.

Your birthday has come once again, Lizzie
The twenty-eighth year of your age,
The years have but made you more dear Lizzie
Since you and I were engaged.
While virtue is lovely and pure, Lizzie
And vice remain hateful and cold,
I trust our love will endure, Lizzie
While we both together grow old.

A TRIBUTE

Twenty years have glided o'er us,
Since we stood in life's young bloom,
Clasping hands in God's pure temple,
Making vows as bride and groom.
Strength and beauty, love and virtue,
Crowned your brow that eve in June,
God had graced you with great wisdom,
Ere you reached life's sunny noon.

Memory's eye looks o'er the decades,
Viewing scenes of peace and joy,
Busy hands and timely counsel,
Help mate thou without alloy.
When the road was rough and thorny,
And the storms were loud and high,
Then you stood 'mid cloud and billow,
Like an angel from the sky.

God has blessed our holy union,
Giving us a girl and boy,
Each like blossoms sweet and fragrant,
Fill our home with love and joy.
Willie, nearly eighteen summers,
Lizzie, fourteen years has seen,
May they ever more do honor,
To their mother, and my queen.

In the scale of years I've weighed you,
Measured by the rod of time,
Here before our God and people,
I rejoice because you're mine.
Years have made you fairer, dearer,
Perfected your gifts so rare,
Heaven help me to be worthy,
Ever more your love to share.

THE KING COMETH

Tune—"A Welcome Home."

Ye saints of God rejoice and sing,
Deliverance is at hand,
You soon shall see your Lord and King
With all His holy band.

CHORUS

There's a welcome home, a welcome home,
For all who stand the storm,
The Lord will come and claim them in
The resurrection morn.

As strangers here upon the earth,
Like pilgrims now we roam,
But soon the Lord of Life will come
And then we'll have a home.

The trump shall sound the clouds shall burst,
Then Jesus Christ shall come,
To reign on earth a thousand years
O what a welcome home

My heart rejoice in the thought
That Jesus soon will come
To call His loved ones to Himself,
And bid them welcome home.

Come unto me ye faithful saints,
Who have endured the storm,
I have prepared thy resting place,
Tried ones you're welcome home.

December 15th, 1885.

TO LIZZIE

By. R. C. Evans, 1887.

My far-off lonely Lizzie,
Once again to you I write,
In answer to the poetry
You wrote last Thursday night.
I love the composition,
The sentiments sublime.
Each line bespeaks your noble worth,
And tells me, you are mine.

Like you, I often times recall,
Those reminiscences sweet,
When we together roamed through woods
Or drove along the street,
As long as "Springbank hill" remains,
And "Thames" its course pursue,
I'll ne'er forget the happy hours,
That I have spent with you.

I know you're lone and weary,
When I am far away,
The time is long and dreary
As each of us can say.
But God in Heaven has spoken,
His call we must obey,
Then let us make the sacrifice,
And for each other pray.

Oft when I am not preaching,
I to the woods repair,
And there before our Father,
Bow down in solemn prayer,
'Tis then, I you remember,
Likewise our children dear,
That God will give us strength and grace
To fill our mission here.

As long as memory's lamp shall burn
Be I in heaven or earth,
As long as virtue shall be prized
I'll ne'er forget your worth.
And when this hand can write no more,
These eyes grow dim with age,
You'll find me "Your unchangeable,"
As saith your poetry page.

A SONG OF PRAISE

By R. C. Evans, 1887.
Tune—"The Old Musician's Harp"

God of Heaven, hear my prayer,
Accept my praise and thanks to thee,
For mercies and protecting care,
Displayed through life to unworthy me,
Along the voyage of life, thus far
Thou has guided well my bark,
Though the billows loud have roared.
Though the nights were sometimes dark.

CHORUS—

When the storm was loud and long,
And my strength and courage gone,
Like Thy Son on Galilee,
Calmed thou the waves and rescued me.

Years have come and passed away,
Since I first began to pray,
Since I first received thy word,
Since I learned to love the Lord,
Since I obeyed the Gospel plan
That elevates poor fallen man,
In this thy wondrous love I see
That full salvation now is free.

When forsaken and despised,
By my friends of early youth,
All because I dared to prize
Thee my Father and Thy truth,
Ah not alone the friends of youth,
But those I love by natures' ties,
O forgive and may they see
The Gospel plan that set me free.

The days of youth are past and gone,
And I am quite settled down in life,
Thou God hast given me a home
And blessed me with a faithful wife.
Her golden ringlets now so fair
Time may change to silvery hair,
But her virtue ne'er shall be
Forgotten in Eternity.

Our union has been much blessed
Although our first born's laid to rest
Thou my Father called her home,
Little Lizzie thou art gone.
Gone and left this world of sin,
Freed from care, temptation, pain,
We shall meet thee, by and by
With our Saviour in the Sky.

Again thy love has been displayed,
In sending us another baby,
May Willie, live, thy love to tell,
O'er valley, mountain, hill and dale.
Like faithful Samuel do thy will,
And all the royal law fulfill,
Like Daniel, may he, never be
Ashamed to pray, great God to thee.

Life is but a battlefield,
Faithful saints fight to the end,
May I be a soldier true
And King Emmanuel's cause defend.
Never must the flag be furled
Till thy kingdom fills the world,
Till all shall feel thy love and power,
Till sin and death shall be no more.

SWEET MEMORIES .

Lines composed for Brother and Sister Liddia by R. C. Evans, 1906.

Brother Nap and Sister Mary,
While I sit alone tonight,
Memory's hand is reaching backwards,
Bringing far off scenes in sight,
Times when we were all together
Joy and gladness was our lot,
Time's cold hand can ne'er obliterate
Flowers of memory ne'er shall rot.

But alas earth's joys are fleeting
Truest friends at times must part,
When the cold farewell is spoken,
Sadness covers every heart.
Some have crossed death's chilling river
Silent, are their voices now,
Still, the hearts that oft did gladly,
With us at God's altar bow.

They are gone, their trials are over,
Free from every sin and pain,
Wicked men no more can harm them,
Enemies now fight in vain.
We have not yet reached the Haven,
On life's stormy sea we sail,
Still the cruel blast of slander,
Beats upon our bark so frail.

Let us all be brave true sailors,
On the boisterous sea of time,
Soon the storms will all be over
And the sun of peace will shine.
Christ the Lord is at the helm,
Let us fear the storm no more.
He will guide the ship of Zion
Safely to the blissful shore.

When I heard from home and Lizzie,
All were well as they could be
I rejoice the time is nearing,
Soon again their face I'll see,
Where is Dolly? What's the matter?
Has she quite forgotten me,
Give my kind regards to mother,
And all the other Saints you see.

I have worked quite hard and steady,
Preaching nearly every night,
Heaven has kindly smiled upon me,
And enabled me to fight.
Though my spirit still is willing,
Oft I feel my body weak,
Hence in twilight's silent hours,
Strength and wisdom oft I seek.

When before "Our Heavenly Father,"
You are bowed in humble prayer,
May your far-off friend and brother,
Ask to be remembered there.
And when life's great work is over,
Clothed in pure white uniform,
There may you both be rewarded,
And be safe from every storm.

THE ASSASSINATION OF RALPH SHAW

Lines composed on the murder of Ralph Shaw, assassinated in London
June 1887, composed by Elder R. C. Evans.

Kind friends, give me your attention,
I will not detain you long,
A sad story I will tell you,
If you listen to my song.
I was called to the town of Chatham,
And thither I did go,
In the month of January,
When the town was clad in snow.

Year Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven,
Was ushered in with gladsome bell,
Many who that night were happy,
Now have story sad to tell.
On my arrival in the City,
I was met by many friends,
And was treated by them kindly,
As the Master recommends.

But above them all a brother
Who had wandered far from God.
Seemed to cling to me the closer
Though in paths of sin he trod.
I perceived that he was honest,
That his heart was kind and true,
Though he had succumbed to folly,
Yet his friends were not a few.

Thoughts of other years came o'er me,
Of my past neglected life,
How in sin's dark vale I wandered,
From the paths of peace and life.
When I seemed to be forsaken,
I at last had lost all hope,
Of ever being what God would have me,
So then I clung to trapeze rope.

At last a friend came to my rescue,
A kind word spoke in voice so clear,
I surely thought her sent from Heaven,
A wandering boy again to cheer.
I learned that I was not forsaken,
That if I would return and pray,
That God would give me strength and conquer,
And keep me in the narrow way.

A kind word, who can tell the power?
A kind act, who can count the worth?
Methinks if all the pearls of ocean,
And all the costly jewels of earth,
Were weighed in God's eternal balance
With one kind word, or one kind act,
He who is judge of earth and Heaven,
Would say to pearl and jewel, you lack.

I soon beheld in him before me,
A vision of my former self,
I then began to pray for wisdom,
That I might lead him back to health.
For he, I know, was sick with folly,
The leprosy of sin will kill;
I led him to the great Physician,
Who died for all on Calv'ry's hill.

We knelt together by his bedside,
And asked God in the Saviour's name,
To forgive the many misspent moments,
And once again the wanderer claim.
To break the chain of sin and folly,
That bound him fast in dark domain,
To send once more the long lost spirit,
So that he could rejoice again.

We know the angels stood besides us,
Though unseen by the natural eye,
They carried back to God the message,
Which made all Heaven sing with joy.
The spirit soon again was given,
Which caused his heart to swell with joy,
He tried to walk by His direction,
And soon became a faithful boy.

He was a joy to home and mother,
A pride with sisters and with brother,
Who knew him best, they loved him most,
With one accord we mourn his loss.
The home once happy by his acts,
Is now bedecked in sadness,
And he who was their joy and pride,
Lies low by one man's madness.

In month of June he left his home,
And went to London city.
To camp with Chatham volunteers,
And learn to do his duty.

His brother-in-law, and officer,
By name "Napoleon Liddy,"
Permitted him to leave the camp,
And go down to the city.

That night he came into my home,
To see his sister Mary,
My Lizzie said he spoke so kind,
"Good-by, I cannot tarry,"
Alas, alas! those last sweet words
Will never be forgotten,
That night the cruel hand of death,
Laid heavily upon him.

With a number of companions,
He was returning to the camp,
When on the cool night air was heard,
The cry of "Murder! Help!"
The voice was from a woman,
As she stood with trembling awe,
Before her brutal husband,
Who before had broke the law.

Brave Ralph, with his companions,
Who were not afraid to die,
At once ran to the rescue,
At the helpless woman's cry;
They were men who served the country,
Helpless women were their care,
They were trained to fight for freedom,
And they filled a mission there.

There is not a British soldier,
That would hear a woman cry,
But whose heart would fill with pity
And to rescue her would fly.
Such was he our brave young brother,
His true heart it knew no fear,
When he heard that loud, sad, bitter wail
In a moment he was there.

The assassin rushed upon him,
With a large, sharp carving knife,
It was but the work of a moment,
So that none could save his life.
'Twas done, a sad cry rent the air,
"I'm stabbed" with knife to hilt,
Who saw, shall ne'er forget the scene,
Where his royal blood was spilt.

He lived but ten short minutes,
After the cruel deed,
Thus passed away our darling Ralph,
He soon from pain was freed.
Thus passed away a brave young man,
A brother, son, and friend,
May all who read this rhyming,
Like him, the weak defend.

LIZZIE'S BIRTHDAY

The two score Post is past, Lizzie.
This day you start anew,
Another year of life, Lizzie,
God guide you safely through.
The dead years that are gone, Lizzie,
In which you had a part,
Were full of loving deeds, Lizzie,
The fruitage of your heart.

Your deeds are wafted far, Lizzie,
Upon the wings of fame,
The poor, the sad, the weak, Lizzie
Rejoice to speak your name;
Your words have been but few, Lizzie,
Yet cheered they hearts oft sad,
While deeds performed by you, Lizzie,
Have made the downcast glad.

With modest deeds and words, Lizzie,
You won the love of all,
Who knew the best in life, Lizzie,
Yes all, both great and small.
A score and more of years, Lizzie
You've been my faithful wife,
A heaven-sent gift to me, Lizzie,
The greatest of earth life.

Pure, true, wise, faithful, just Lizzie,
Your walk through life has been,
God's pattern Saint to me, Lizzie,
Your life kept me from sin.
While now I pen these lines, Lizzie
The fruitage of your life,
Proclaim in all you are, Lizzie,
A pure, true Saint and wife.

MEMORIES' HARP STRINGS

On memory's wall hangs a picture,
Of a neat cosy home mid the snow,
To find it just cross the Thames river,
Climb the hill to South London, you'll know.
Time, Eighteen-hundred, sixty-three,
Of cold February the eighteenth day,
The event was second to none in my life,
Twas then God blessed the world with my wife.

Cold and dreary the winter wind blew,
But Ted Argil's wife her duty well knew,
So over the snow drifts she hurried along,
And soon heard the voice of a pure infant song.
"Lizzie" they called her, no name half so sweet,
Her eyes, brilliant talkers, her form most complete,
Those who saw the new baby, declared one and all,
"Quite sweet and pretty," so said William Hall.

Her baby life passed mid bowers of love,
The family soon to East London did move,
On Adelaide Street, she played o'er the town,
Her chums were Em Woodman, the Sloans, and Em
Brown,
Those rides with bobs to the brick yards so cold,
Have often to me and her children been told.
Years after our marriage, the facts came to tell her,
We once met in youth, on the sands of a cellar.

The shadow of sorrow beclouded their home,
Her fond father died, and deep was her gloom,
Changes soon came, but we will not relate,
From city she moved to a country estate.
The Unseen was guiding her destiny sure,
Was formed by the God of the trusting and pure,
Back to the home that her father had bought,
To the scenes of her childhood home, sacred spot.

I saw her once more in a sacred church aisle,
Youth purity shone through a life without guile,
Her fair curly tresses fell o'er her grey gown,
I felt in a moment, for her, life I'd lay down.
A sweet inspiration came into my life,
A voice softly whispered, "She is your wife."
I had been wild, she pure and true
How could I speak to her, what could I do.

Weeks glided by, I remembered the message,
The night dark and stormy, I stood in the passage,
The church door ajar, the darkness intense,
She stumbled, I saved her, thus ended suspense,
She thanked me, I bowed, spoke of sidewalks and flaws,
She knew not till after our marriage, the cause,
Twas my shoe that somehow got in her way,
Turning forever my darkness to day.

Youth still was with us, the years quickly fled,
The June flowers blooming, the ninth day we wed,
Years flew by quickly, but love led the way,
By his soft hand he guided us up to this day,
Over a quarter of a century has gone,
Since we plighted our vows to be one.
Children have come, with their sorrow and joy,
God has spared to us, a girl and a boy.

Silver and gold, he has given our share,
Our home is nice, and we have houses to spare,
Our life has been lonely, because of God's work
Both of us sacrificed, neither have shirked,
Health has been ours, property true,
And at this writing I have nothing to rue
Touching my courtship, or marriage or wife,
These three have been the best of my life.

Lizzie, my darling, thou choice of my youth,
You have been ever personified truth;
Faithful, unselfish, devoted and pure,
To God, to your husband and children, I'm sure.
Forty-two years of your life's gone to-day,
Still to your husband, you're more dear I may say,
Than ever you were, when God said, "She's your wife,"
May I ever be worthy of you all through life.

Dickie Boy.

HOME

Composed in Vaness, 1887.

Tune—"My Wandering Boy."

Home is the dearest spot on earth,
The true type of Heaven to me,
No matter how humble the cot may be,
Tis the happiest place I see.

CHORUS

I long to be home tonight,
I long to be home tonight,
My wife is there, my children so fair,
I long to be home tonight.

Out in the cold and bitter world,
Far from my loved ones three,
Hearing the cruel taunts of men,
Is not the life for me.

But such is the life that I must lead,
If I do my Master's will,
"I'd try and be true, and do my work,
My Mission in life to fill."

Home is the sweetest word on earth,
Home is the dearest spot;
Where Lizzie and Willie sweetly sleeps
And the baby in the cot.

A THOUSAND YEARS

He comes, He comes, the King of Glory,
 Soon will the sky reveal your Lord,
 Soon will the clouds give up their treasure
 Soon Jesus comes as saith the word.

CHORUS

A thousand years is but a moment
 Compared with vast eternal day,
 That you shall live with Christ in Glory
 You who the Gospel truth obey.

He comes with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob,
 He comes with Joseph the choice Seer;
 He comes to reign with all the faithful,
 Who humbly serves and loves him here.

Think not of trials, go forth to victory,
 Think not of death, your Master lives
 All those who for him die or suffer,
 To such "Eternal life" he gives.

November 5th, 1898

FORGOTTEN

By R. C. Evans, for Mary Liddy, 1887.

Forgotten did I hear you say,
 Forgotten by one for whom you pray
 Forgotten by Him that you have blessed
 Forgotten his home, his place to rest,
 Can a mother forget her loving child
 Though he wander, becoming weak and wild,
 Can sun and moon forget to shine
 Can ocean billows forget its brine?
 Can a true man forget the pulseless heart
 Of a woman dead, who did well her part?
 Can Paul forget the story Christ told,
 On Damascus road, ere he slaughtered God's fold,
 Can shepherds forget the words of that song
 Sung on Bethlehem's fields by Angelic throng?
 Will Heaven and earth forget to obey,
 To don pure white robes for Christ's marriage day?
 All earth answers "NO", so Mary don't fret,
 I have not, I will not, nor ne'er shall forget.

THE PERFECT LAW

Tune—"Home Sweet Home."

The law of the Master is perfect and pure,
To all who obey it Salvation is sure,
In all lands and nations, the Saviour has said,
Go teach them the law of the Lord, He is head.

CHORUS

Give ear O ye Saint,
Keep all His commandments,
Then you shall ne'er faint.

Who keeps all the law, shall ne'er faint by the way
But courage and strength shall he have, night and day
In all things he'll prosper, his foes all shall fall,
God loveth to hearken and answer his call.

This law to the righteous is better than gold,
It converteth the soul, saith King David of old,
'Tis sweeter than honey, 'tis pure, clean and right,
God giveth the victory if by it we fight.

Who abides in this law hath both Father and Son,
And by it the faithful in Christ are made one,
Who loveth the Saviour, obey every part,
As God said to Moses, with soul, mind and heart.

When Israel in old times, kept faithful the law,
They had power and courage and great wonders saw.
But when they rebelled, soon the spirit they lost,
Forgetting the manna, and Red Sea they crossed.

They paid not their tithing, and offerings to God,
A "Tenth of their Increase" to pass neath the rod
Then God cursed the fruit of their cattle and land,
They robbed God in not keeping this His command.

Now God calls to Israel to-day as of old.
Keep faithful this law, that ye enter the fold,
But if you rebel, and forsake any part,
Your worship is vain, so from Me you must part.

THE CALL OF GOD

Given in London, through R. C. Evans, August, 1886.

Tune—"Happy Day."

My Saints rejoice for you I love,
Your hearts are now on things above,
You need my spirit every hour,
If you my word would preach with power;
Arise and work, both great and small.
I call you one, I call you all,
Arise and work, both great and small,
I call you one, I call you all.

Obey the call tis given to all,
For all are mine, both great and small;
The harvest's great, the laborers few,
Then listen all, I call on you.
The Priesthood is not given to all,
But all can live within the call.
The Priesthood is not given to all,
But all can live within the call.

By virtue, charity and love,
You prove the Gospels from above,
There's many groping in the dark,
Who would be willing for to hark.
And listen to the Word of Life,
But now are blinded by the strife,
And listen to the Word of Life,
But now are blinded by the strife.

APPRECIATION

Tune—"Love's Old Sweet Song."

Twenty-eight years ago this very hour,
Here in this church, 'fore earth and Heavenly power,
We plighted vows as one, life's sea to sail,
Loving each other, mid the calm and gale,
All through the voyage, a helpmate ever true,
Like blossoming star, you beamed, the journey through.

CHORUS

Lizzie as companion,
Modest sweet and shy,
Then as wife and mother,
All those words imply.
Gem of many virtues, queen of heart and home,
Lover, wife, and mother, Lizzie my own,
Dear Lizzie, my own.

Back through the years of sorrow, joy and care
Fondly I gaze upon your face so fair.
Times hand has penciled lives both true and strong,
Each line contains a verse of loves' sweet song,
History of deeds unknown to few but God,
Where you have others helped on life's rough road.

So may the past reflect your future years,
Chasing away life's gloom and sorrow's tears,
By thy sweet smile, true comfort still impart,
Cheering the saddened life and fainting heart,
So may thy years like angels' footsteps bright,
Strengthen the heavy burdened through life's night.

OUR EFFIE

Written by Bishop R. C. Evans, Jan. 20th, 1916, on the death of
Effie Swainson.

Tune—"Silver Threads among the Gold."

Darling Effie, comrade, sister,
Gem of choir, church and home,
Daughter, wife and loving mother,
You are gone, we feel alone.
But we know that you are worthy,
Of the Paradise of God,
And we'll try and bear our sorrow,
While we groan beneath the rod.

We have watched your life from childhood,
Heard your alto voice, so sweet,
Know your faithful, earnest service,
Giving sermons on the street;
Through the blinding snow you travelled,
Caring nothing for the storm,
Serving God, was your great life-work;
Victory's won, you're safe from harm.

We shall miss you at Reunion,
In the choir, church and home,
Everywhere we'll feel your presence,
While we weep, all sad and lone.
But dear Effie, we shall greet you
When the Saviour comes again,
Then with joy, and life abundant,
We shall with him, live and reign.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

Composed by Alvin Knisley, 1903.

Several months have passed away,
They never will return,
And here we come again, each one,
To hear, to love, to learn.

Once more we are assembled here,
To feast on things divine,
To hear Saints preach and sing and pray,
To God, our hearts incline.

From many places we have come,
We've passed through trials severe,
We've looked with anxious eyes ahead
When we could gather here.

Our General Conference is passed,
A revelation given,
Old men released, promotions made,
To help us on to Zion.

With others we have had to lose,
One been with us for years,
From boyhood days, through toils and trials,
Whose spent for us his tears.

But will he leave us now for good?
Are the days we cherish dead?
Will he forget the brave one he
So valiantly has lead?

No, No, kind Richard, come again,
And Dannie we'll remember,
In prayer to God that he may do
Just like his predecessor.

A number of Saints were sitting by the fire-side after meeting, singing together, when Bro. Lake began to sing in tongues. When he finished, Bro. R. C. Evans and Bro. James McKiernan, at the same moment, began to sing the interpretation and sang together to the close. We call attention to this wonderful exhibition of spiritual unity in that two men who had never been associated together before that evening could enjoy at the same moment, the same inspiration giving the interpretation to a song given in tongues.

The following is the interpretation:—

Tune—"Come Thou Fount of every Blessing."

Unto you, my sons and daughters,
Of my will I now will grant;
It is pleasing to your Father,
That my songs and praise ye chant,
I have heard your own desire,
I have heard your prayers and songs,
I will bless you with my spirit
All the day and all night long.

Be ye faithful to my counsels,
That are given in my law;
I will guide you by my power,
You'll enjoy what others saw,
For my power I have granted,
And my spirit you've received;
Be ye faithful to the covenant,
Then you'll never be deceived.

THE MAN OF GOD.

These lines were composed Nov. 10th, 1912, and dedicated to Bishop R. C. Evans, by Bro. Walter Scott Lockhart.

He is short of stature and is not fair
For his eyes are dark and so is his hair.
He's a blessing to sinners and those in despair
And his truthfulness and love are qualities rare.

He teaches the Gospel from morn until night,
All false teachings of scripture he aims to set right,
While the multitudes hang on his words with delight,
For the love of his Father he'll valiantly fight.

God bless this good man, his disciples likewise,
As they banish the darkness that covers man's eyes
His life's not all sunshine defending the right,
For the sad tears oft flow down his cheeks in the night.

Now this good man of God, has no enemies, say—
'Tis because of his love they go friendly away,
No ill will he bears either sinner or saint,
So careful his Father's great name not to taint.

He teaches all men of God's love to partake,
Lest them in their sins, the great judgment o'ertake,
Many words in the Bible that men value not,
He proves that by them our salvation is wrought.

So he pleads with the sinner to repent and obey,
Because Jesus declares there is no other way,
Now pray for and help him ye children of God,
And walk in the path that your Master has trod.

A VISION

This is a description of a vision given to R. C. Evans, on the North West Prairies near Disley, June 21st, 1910. The Song was written on the red granite rock the same day, R. C. having gone to the spot that he saw for the first time in the vision. He recognized it at once and wrote this song, which is a good description of the vision. Brother Mortimer broke the rock, and R. C. has a piece of it.

Tune—"The Republic."

Afar in the wild western Prairie
I went for a walk all alone,
A feeling of sleep came upon me
My pillow a red granite stone.
I cared not for wild wolf or gopher,
Though both of them roam o'er the plain,
My head pains, my mind wanders strangely,
Sleep must come e'er I go insane.

CHORUS

A vision of home and my darling,
My sleeping eyes saw by my side,
She stretched forth her arms and said sweetly,
"Come home to my soul, there abide."

She knelt by my side and embraced me,
The prairie had vanished, t'was home,
She sweetly caressed me, imploring,
That from her I ne'er more would roam.
She told me, the while her heart throbbing,
How lonely and sad life had been,
Her sacrifice loomed to my vision,
And I swore by her side I'd remain.

CHORUS

I saw from her eyes how she loved me,
Her voice told the story more plain,
Her life came before me more clearly,
Tears fell from her face like the rain.

Ah, why did I wake from my dreaming,
Ah why did the vision depart,
Those moments of bliss on the prairie,
Were the sweetest life gave to my heart.
Oh dear heart, be true, I am coming,
No more from your side will I roam,
While God gives me strength on life's prairie,
I'll live with you ever, at home.

CHORUS

The years for us both have been lonely,
The sacrifice great from the start,
New light comes, the change in my calling,
No longer demands that we part.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Night has come with all its glory,
Silver moon and gleaming star,
Fleecy clouds and sombre shadows,
Perfect nature, without mar.
Neath the golden quiet moonbeams,
I am watching one, a star,
I confess I am jealous of it,
For it sees my loved ones far.

Star above, guard and protect her,
Let no harm come to her now,
Keep her faithful to each promise,
Give her strength to keep her vow.
Should temptation dire assail her,
May each sinful effort fail,
May my fasting, prayers, and pleadings
Be to her of much avail.

When the night of life is over,
And the race of life is run,
When eternal day in splendor,
Far more brilliant than the sun;
Through eternal life, and glory,
May we dwell together, near,
When the lonely life is ended,
And pure love gives place to fear.

June 12th, 1910.

ESTRANGEMENT

The following poem, or song, may serve to show the real man in Bishop Evans. Years ago, he had preached to a young lad who dropped into his meetings. He was attracted to the boy, and soon a strong friendship sprung up between them; he baptized, confirmed and ordained him, in after years solemnized his marriage, and took him into the mission field with him and in many ways helped the boy till he became a prominent and gifted servant of the Lord.

Time came when through misunderstanding and false friends, there came an estrangement, both were sorely tried. During this great trial R. C. was away from home on board the good ship *Turbinian*. The memories of other years came floating before him, when he at once took paper and wrote the following song, to the tune of "Love's Old Sweet Song."

Composed May 21st, 1909.

O Thou who gave love's passion to the heart,
Answer my prayer, the truth to me impart,
Scatter the gloom, illumine my darkened way,
Send thou thy light into my soul this day,
Oh Lord of Love, have pity in thy power,
Answer the pleading of my heart this hour.

CHORUS

Does my brother love me? Is he true and pure?
Is he ever faithful in each trying hour?
When temptation's billows dash his frail bark,
Will he then be loyal to his own heart,
And to my sad heart?

Dark is the way, and drear the path of life,
Thorns neath each rose doth pierce us like a knife,
Flowers bloom to fade beneath some chilling blast,
So droops and dies our fondest hopes at last.
Oh show to me my brother will be true,
To promise made to me, life's journey through.

May all that's vile and evil he detest,
May holy things by him become possessed,
May every thought that thrills his soul be pure,
Till he will with the angel band endure,
Then may my soul at last with him abide,
Gliding mid true love's light on crystal tide.

By thy majestic power wilt thou impart,
Love's confidence into my doubting heart,
Then shall the flowers bloom once again for me,
Then shall life's voyage be on a placid sea,
Earth will be Heaven, the gloomy night bright day,
Discordant notes will turn to harmony.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

Composed on Christmas Morn, 1909, by Bishop R. C. Evans.

Tune—"Lead Kindly Light."

'Tis Christmas morn, I gaze o'er centuries dead,
To Judah's hills,
There shepherds watching flocks hear angels chant
The song that thrills:—

"Glory to God on earth, sweet peace to man accord,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

To Bethlehem's barn, the shepherds wend their way,
Quickly they go!
There mid the straw, the manger-cradled king
Cooed soft and low.
Thus God's own son left Heaven according to the plan,
Freely he came—God's Christmas gift to man.

Not as a God, or angel, but as a man,
Came he to earth!
He suffered all things as the son of man,
Right from his birth;
Hungry and cold, temptation came from every side,
Till on the cross he cried aloud and died.

Misunderstood, and motives oft impugned
By those I love,
Give strength unto my weary heart awhile,
O God above!
Thus while I walk the thorn-clad path like Thee,
Grant me, when night is o'er thy face to see.

Gethsemane! with him I tread thy path,
All sad and alone!
While earth's friends sleep, I agonize like him,
And with him groan!
God over all! my crucifixion past,
With thee, my Lord, may I find rest at last.

THE OLD MAIDS CONVENTION.

Composed by R. C. Evans, for the Old Maids Convention, May 14th,
1909, Toronto, Ont.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

We meet to-night to celebrate
Our anniversary,
Five years ago we formed this lodge,
That man might captured be.
We each and all have done our best,
A husband to secure,
Alas, our charms have sadly failed,
Yet we will still endure.

While sad and lonely here tonight,
Our work has not been lost,
We all have much improved in looks,
Though dollars it has cost.
We know now how to dye our hair,
Our teeth have been replaced,
With paint and powder we're experts,
In latest form we're laced.

So now prepared we each shall win,
A husband and a home,
Our wrinkles and grey hairs have gone,
We soon will cease to roam.
So let us each, faint not, but sing,
Endure as best we can,
Coax hard, we soon shall win the prize,
A husband and a man.

A MESSAGE.

On the evening of October 2nd, 1908, Brethren R. C. Evans and R. C. Longhurst bowed in prayer in their room. While praying the Spirit came upon them and they retired, but the Spirit continued to bless them till the power became so great that the bed upon which they reclined trembled.

A sister in another part of the house, knowing nothing of the blessing under which the brethren were rejoicing, testified that the whole house shook.

While under this power Bro. Evans said, "Oh, I cannot remain in bed longer." On reaching the floor he was commanded to secure material and write, for the Lord had a message for his people.

Bro. Longhurst arose and turned on the light, and Bro. Evans took his pencil and pad, and wrote very rapidly. He stopped suddenly, left the room, requested some others to dress and come to his room, and hastily donning some clothing, they entered the room, and they all testified to the witnessing of a most powerful manifestation of the Spirit, as Bro. Evans, now pale and trembling, wrote rapidly, without a moment's hesitation, till the message was completed. While under the Spirit he sang it to them and all retired rejoicing.

The next morning the message was presented to the conference, who ordered that it be printed and sent to each branch in the district.

The following is the message, and it is sent forth with a prayer that it may be a blessing to all who may read it.

Tune—"I Will Sing of My Redeemer."

O my people, hear the message,
That to you this day I give,
Cease your quarrelling and contention,
For in me ye move and live.
By my power I have led you
Through the struggles of the past,
And, if faithful to your mission,
I will crown you at the last.

If ye love me, build my kingdom;
Work together, one and all.
If divided, ye shall suffer,
And the house ye build shall fall.
Harshness, jealousy, and envy,
Hath brought weakness and distress,
Human weakness calls for pity;
Love, repent, and find sweet rest.

Tear not down another's structure,
Hoping thus to build thine own.
Each shall answer for their conduct,
When they stand before the throne.
Honor come to those who honor,
Faith to those who me obey,
Keep the law that I have given,
Soon will dawn Millennium's day.

FROM NEATH THE GLOOM.

The day before yesterday, 3rd Sept., 1891, was one of the most gloomy days and nights I ever passed. Bro. Willie Fligg was with me. I give the following lines to show how we acted, I wrote them on our return to the house. The tune, "One day nearer Home" will fit it.

Through the golden fields of harvest,
O'er the meadows fresh and green,
To the woodland in the distance,
Where the birds and squirrels are seen.
There beneath the leaflet bowers,
Where wild flowers bud and bloom,
We had bowed before "Our Father,"
Trusting He would burst the gloom.

As we bowed in Nature's temple,
Neath the canopy of blue,
Asking God to give us courage,
And to guide us safely through,
Suddenly the Spirit's power,
Rested on us as of yore,
Then we felt the gloom departing,
And the light return once more.

O the sun burst of the spirit,
In its radiant shafts of light,
Quickly pierces through the darkness,
Plainly shows the path of right.
But without the Spirit's presence,
O how gloomy is the way,
Lord withhold all else forever,
But give Spirit food each day.

Then the raging storm of earth life,
May around our frail bark roll,
All without be storm and tempest
All be peace within the soul.
Thus we'll glide upon the billows,
That would fainly drag us down,
Through life's storm, we'll reach the Heaven,
And at last obtain the crown.

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

Written in reply to a sad and lonely letter written to me by Sr. Holman Dec. 10th, 1891.

When the flowers fade and die,
When the fierce winds heave and sigh,
When the darkness is intense,
Look to God your sure defence.
Then the rose of hope shall bloom,
Then the winds no longer moan,
Then the darkness flee away,
Light doth come whene'er we pray.

When you sit amid the gloom,
Far away from "Home, Sweet Home,"
When the clouds of sorrow deep,
When the star of hope is weak,
Struggle on, be not afraid,
God will surely give thee aid,
Live for God, trust Him alone, ;
He will guide thee safely home.

Should a loved one give thee pain,
Strive to win them back again,
From the darkness of their way,
To the light of sinless day.
And if failure comes at last,
For your efforts in the past,
God shall know you did your best,
And shall give thee peace and rest.

When your friends have passed away,
Passed from earth night into day,
When you see each vacant chair,
Grieve not at your lonely fare.
Think what joy to-day is theirs.
Sorrow ended, earthly cares,
Wish them back to earth no more,
Pray to meet on Zion's shore.

Fires of trial shall burn thy dross,
Death the bridge to life you cross,
Trials and sorrow make the strong,
To fight the mighty monster wrong.
Darkness makes thee pray for light,
Weakness makes thee pray for might,
Trials of life are but the rod,
That causes thee to love thy God.

“CONSIDER THE LILY”

Written from Job 14th Chapter and first verse.

Written by R. C. Evans on his 30th birthday in Cameron, Oct. 20th,
1891

The spring and summer days are gone,
The autumn winds have robed the trees,
The grass has withered on the lawn,
The roses sigh with faded leaves.
Thus nature weeps amid the gloom,
While death reigns over all the land,
Spring, summer, autumn now are gone,
Cold winter's snow grave is at hand.
All men like flowers, bud and bloom,
All men like grass doth fade and die,
Some live and die amid earth's gloom,
While others never know a sigh.
'Tis so with plants, some live and die,
Unnoticed in the swamp or glen,
While some on lawns are cared for by
Fair ladies and royal gentlemen.
The lily ne'er can be a rose,
But both have missions grand to fill,
Some men may preach, write or compose,
While others work in fields or mill.
Thus all are called a work to do,
In pulpit, workshop, home or mill,
Hence jealousy should never brew,
But all should do God's holy will.
O why should mortals be so proud,
So jealous of each other's fame,
When all, ere long, shall wear a shroud,
Their spirits go from whence they came.
Thus childhood's spring doth pass away,
Thus manhood's summer days glide by,
Thus autumn of old age, so grey,
Thus winter's death winds blow, we die.

A NEWSBOY'S PROGRESS.

Composed by Sister Washington, July, 1916

Down a lighted street in London,
Comes a little barefoot boy,
His clothes are old and ragged,
But his heart is filled with joy.

He only had one paper left,
If someone would only buy!
"Newspapers here! newspapers!"
You hear young Dickie cry.

At last, a kindly man draws near
And buys his only one,
And then he turns his steps towards home,
For his hard day's work is done.

"Oh mother, look at what I've earned,
It's been a lucky day;
This will buy us something good to eat,
Till I get another pay."

A few years pass, and the news-boy
Has grown to be a man;
His poor old mother is in her grave,
But he is earning all he can.

He's working hard by night and day,
At the sweet job making candy,
His boss, he loves and trusts him so,
And says, "He is a dandy."

A few more years have passed and gone,
He's now a man of God;
He preaches from the Holy Book,
And, believe me, he's no fraud.

He's travelled round the world a lot,
It's helped to make him wise,
You would almost think to hear him,
He had been born with a dozen eyes.

Next, we find him in Toronto,
Looking young, and prim and neat;
But he had to walk to the Junction,
To get a bite to eat.

But time and God has blessed him,
And brought him great renown,
He's known by all the parsons
And almost every man in town.

He is the best on earth I know,
Perhaps not in the Heavens,
But we all think there's no one like
Our BISHOP—R. C. Evans.

RUBY HURRY HOME.

Written by Bishop R. C. Evans for his grandchild, Ruby Elizabeth
Thomas, May 26th, 1915.

Written on the Sand pile in the yard overlooking the Don Valley,
while he watched the trains pass by.

Tune—"Sweet Bell MaHone."

Now the King of Day is dead,
And the Queen of Night has fled,
Twinkling children beam no more
On Don's lonely shore.
Ruby hurry home, Papa's all alone,
Papa's watching every train,
Ruby Hurry Home.

Mama often speaks of you,
Auntie Margie and Rubby too,
Uncle Willie oft recalls
Your cute, happy ways.
Margaret calls for you,
Bid your friends adieu,
We all wish that you were here,
Ruby Hurry Home.

Papa's watching every train,
Looks through every window pane,
But his search is all in vain,
Ruby is not there.
Ruby hurry home, Papa's all alone,
Papa's lonesome for his girl,
Ruby Hurry Home.

Papa's calling for his stool,
Mama wants her brush and spool,
No one hangs up papa's cap,
No one calls "Hoo, Hoo!"
Ruby hurry home, Papa's all alone,
No one now to be undressed,
RUBY HURRY HOME!

OUR LIZZIE

Lines composed by Bishop Evans and recited by him during the wedding festivities of his daughter Lizzie, Sept. 26th, 1912.

Last night in my lonely vigil,
While nature in quietude slept,
I thought of your coming departure.
And thinking of thee, I wept.
The years of thy past loomed before me,
A treasure from God in my arms,
I list to your childish prattle,
I call back your many charms.

Through life you have like a sun-beam,
Illumined our home with your smile,
Your baby-days, childhood and girl-life,
Were joy to our hearts the while,
Mamma, and Papa, and Willie,
Seemed to be all your own,
Heaven to you was foreshadowed,
In our humble "Home Sweet Home."

Another now pleads for your heart-love,
Another now calls you his own,
Another now claims your caresses,
Another will make you a home,
Thank God, we believe he is worthy,
To receive both your heart and hand,
And ask God to bless the union,
When before holy Altar you stand.

'Tis God's way, I bow to the mandate,
'Tis God-like and holy to love,
Your choice I endorse, though my heart ache,
Because from the old home you move,
Remember the perfect example,
Your Mamma before you has set,
Be true to your God and husband,
Papa's counsel. No, never forget.

Your Papa.

35 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

FUNERAL SONG RENDERED AT THE GRAVE OF SISTER MARGARET PRENTICE

Composed by Bishop R. C. Evans May 9th, 1912.

Tune—"Home Sweet Home."

Farewell Sister Margaret, your life-toil is o'er,
The last pain is vanished, You suffer no more,
The night stars shine o'er you, being weary you sleep,
O'er your silent chamber, Angels vigil keep.

CHORUS:

Farewell, till the morn,
When Jesus, in glory, thy form shall adorn.

The Church, School, Religio, The Choir and Home,
Rejoice, Mid the gloaming, that sweet rest has come,
The morn of redemption al blooming and fair,
Shall bring us together, with Christ in the air.

Farewell, Till the morn,
When Jesus in glory thy form shall adorn.

COME HOME

Sentiments of the Toronto Religio, Expressed by Sister Washington,
1917.

Dear Uncle Dick, you're going away,
And for your safeguard we will pray,
That God will guide you day by day
Till you return to us again.

CHORUS

Come back home, come back home,
Come back home when your work is done.
Come back home, come back home,
Come back home to Toronto.

We have learned to love you dear
And to want your presence here,
So we will miss your voice and cheer
Till you return to us again.

FAREWELL.

Lines composed by R. C. Evans for Elder J. H. Lake in St. Thomas,
March 4th, 1888.

Tune—"Tell It Again."

Out in this cold world, mid strangers I roam,
Far from my loved ones, and nice little home,
Far from the scenes of my childhood and youth,
God sends me forth, for to teach His great truth.

CHORUS

Farewell kind friends, loved ones adieu,
Think of me sometimes, when I am far from you,
When at the altar of family prayer,
Think of the Wanderer, pray for me there.

Often I lie through the long weary night,
Thinking of scenes, that have passed out of sight,
Thinking of loved ones, I long to embrace,
Thinking of tears on a far away face.

Pray that our Father in Heaven may give
Courage and strength that I faithful may live,
So that the mission of life I may fill,
Every day doing His sovereign will.

Out on the broad sea of Life I must sail,
Pray that my bark may go through every gale,
So when the great voyage of life shall be o'er,
We all may meet safe on fair Zion's shore.

MY DAISY

Tune—"Sweet Bunch of Daisies."

True wife and mother, you are more to me,
Than all the daisies in the world can be,
Life's sweetest treasure I have found in you,
All through my trials you've been wise and true.

CHORUS

True wife and mother, gem of our home,
Your sweet smile follows wher'er I roam,
Light of my darkness, joy of my life,
God's gift from heaven, Lizzie my wife.

Long years have passed, dear, since the day we wed,
Still I remember words the preacher said,
True to each other, until death you do part,
Ever be happy, one in mind and heart.

Daisies may wither, roses fade away,
Your love blooms ever through life's coldest day;
Flowers are emblems of a changing love,
I know your pattern, 'tis the One above.

The history of the above song may be related with interest. When Bishop Evans was preaching in Chicago, in 1899, Sister Sloan secured the song, "Sweet Bunch of Daisies" thinking it would just fit R. C.'s voice. He received it with gladness, and at once, while seated in her parlor, wrote the above song to the same tune.

THE GREAT SIN.

Composed in 1889 by R. C. Evans.

What would I lose by a moment's sin,
The loss is so great, I know not where to begin,
My own self respect, I would forfeit at once,
Condemned by judgment, give a ton for an ounce,
A traitor to conscience, my Church and to God,
An exile from purity, innocence, love,
God send me sickness, poverty, all,
But save me from this, the worst kind of a fall.

A happy home cursed, a heart-broken wife,
A family crushed neath sin's withering blithe,
The light of a home dimmed forever with shame,
What's the sin of a moment, stain my good name.
Never, while God gives me strength to do right,
I'll strive to be pure and continue to fight,
Against that great sin, in myself and all others,
And thus be a help to my sisters and brothers.

PAPA'S COMING HOME

Composed by Bro. Evans for his boy and girl to sing at a London Concert.

WILLIE.

Ah how lonely glides the hours,
Since my papa went away.
Every night, mama and Lizzie,
And his boy for him doth pray,
He has gone to spread the Gospel,
To the people far away,
But when Jesus comes mama says,
He will stay home every day.

Then we'll be so very happy,
Papa always will be home,
Mama says we'll live in Zion
And will never be alone.

LIZZIE.

Willie, mama's dot a letter
From our papa far away,
He is well, and sends us kisses,
He'll be home for Christmas day.
I am so glad that Papa's coming,
For he'll pull us on our sleigh,
Mama says we'll all be happy,
Come now let us go and play.

Papa's coming home for Christmas
Mama's glad and so are we,
When he comes we'll give him kisses,
While we sit upon his knee.

GARAFRAXA

Lines composed by R. C. Evans on his trip to Grand Valley to dedicate the Church.

On the first day of December
Eighteen hundred eighty eight,
We left our home, and loved ones,
A new church to dedicate.
It was built at Taylors Corners,
Near the vale that's truly Grand,
By saints of Garafraxa Branch,
A true and noble band.

We left the London Station house,
About seven thirty-eight,
Arrived in Stratford, learned I had
About three hours to wait.
The "Iron Horse" for Palmerston,
At last came into view,
We boarded it and off we went
To meet kind saints and true.

When we arrived in Palmerston,
Again we had to wait,
The train bound for Mt. Forest,
Was forty minutes late.
Arrived safe at Mt. Forest,
We changed to C. P. R.
'Twas there we met with three good saints
From Egremont afar.

We took the train for Luther,
Grand Valley, now 'tis called.
We had not long to wait, for soon
John Taylor's kind voice bawled,
"Brother Richard, glad to see you,
Sister Lizzie, welcome too,"
All others were made welcome,
His words were kind and true.

We reached the grand old homestead.
What a sight did meet our gaze,
Many saints were there to greet us,
The sun of welcome shed its rays,
Though our path may in the future
Be o'er shadowed with dark gloom,
Time's cold hand can ne'er obliterate,
The joy felt in that home.

Willard J. Smith and Johnnie Shields,
Both brave true warrior boys,
Were there to greet the visitors,
And join in all the joys.
'Twas early morn before the saints,
Did seek repose and sleep,
Strangers were seen that night, to go
Aside for joy and weep.

We rose next morn, the sun was bright,
We to the church did go.
When Bro. Smith, by Jesus' words,
Eternal life did show.
The dedicatory sermon,
Was preached in afternoon,
After which the prayers were offered,
That God, the house would own.

That night, the Prophetic mission,
Of Joseph Smith was told,
By authenticated history,
And the Bible, pure as gold.
The following evening, by request
We spoke of Brigham Young,
And "Salt Lake Mormonism"
Where many hearts were wrung.

Next night, Probation after death,
Said we, the Bible taught,
For Job said God would have desire
To works His hands has wrought,
Dear Jesus, thou hast called thyself,
The Saviour of the world.
This could not be, if one poor soul,
In burning flames were hurled.

Yet still another night we stayed,
To meet the saints in prayer,
We never shall forget that night,
For God's great power was there,
That night we never closed our eyes,
We could not think of sleep,
Alas the parting hour was near,
Hence every saint did weep.

The parting songs of Zion were sung,
In tears some sought repose,
But sleep refused to visit some,
About three o'clock they rose.
Our hearts were sad, we could not think,
Of parting scenes at morn.
At last we thought it best to go,
And save the parting storm.

No doubt some thought it strange that we
Stayed not to say farewell.
Our heart was sad at such a thought,
Yet we must bear it still.
The bitter hour at last arrived,
The parting time had come,
To those awake, we bid adieu,
And started for our home.

The twilight hours of dewy morn,
Found us upon the way,
With three dear saints, I'll ne'er forget,
While memory sheds its ray.
The wind was cold, and searching;
Willard, near froze his heels,
Tonight while we are writing,
We wonder how he feels.

At last the bitter moment came,
In tears we bid adieu,
We gazed upon those three dear saints,
Until they passed from view.
Alone once more, we face the world,
With all its bitter hate,
We called and seen St. Mary's Saints,
Arrived at home quite late.

God grant the day will speedily dawn,
When parting will be o'er.
When all the saints of God shall meet,
On Zion's blissful shore,
When the voyage of life is over,
Clothed in bright white uniform,
May we all have reached the haven,
Where we're safe from every storm.

ADMONITION

Given to R. C. Evans at Garafraxa, Dec. 5th, 1888.

Tune—"What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

As my cross you now have taken
Be thou faithful to the end;
I will give thee strength to conquer,
If thou wilt on me depend.
Be thou firm, and fixed and faithful,
To the covenant thou hast made,
Thou wilt sure feel my power,
Through the Gospel you've obeyed.

O my people, I have spoken,
Be thou faithful, firm and true;
For the day of your deliverance,
From all trial, is now in view,
Then give heed unto my council,
All my precepts to fulfill.
O be faithful to your mission;
Then you'll sing on Zion's hill.

CONSOLATION

Given by the Spirit in Kirkland, Ohio, Feb. 1st, 1899. Tongues and Interpretation.

Tune—"Ortonville."

To you the children of Most High,
The promises are given,
If you will be but humble now,
Before the Lord of Heaven,
Before the Lord of Heaven.

For unto you this day renewed
The promises of God,
The sick among you shall be healed
Through Jesus Christ your Lord,
Through Jesus Christ your Lord.

No more unto the men of earth
Shall you in weakness bow,
But honor God, and He will bless
His children even now,
His children even now.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Written in Waterford by R. C. Evans, Aug. 1890

While water lilies sweetly smile,
And murmuring waters glide.
While mellow rays of silver moon,
Kiss flowers by my side.
Alone beneath the starry blue,
I watch the maples wave,
I hear the whip-poor-wills refrain,
High o'er a lonely cave.

While musing thus I sit alone,
Amid the whispering leaves,
From water, trees, from birds and flowers
A voice that ne'er deceives—
Speaks to my soul, these truthful words,
In accents soft and mild,
See, all of us doth praise the Lord,
Should not each human child?

Like lightning flash, King David's words
Came rushing to my mind,
"God's Mercys are o'er all His works"
Both beast and human kind.
The fowls of air, the fish in sea,
The vegetable kind,
Praise God, by keeping His commands,
So doth the sun, moon, stars and wind.

At once I knelt upon the grass,
Near where the waters glide,
While dew drops kissed the tiny flowers,
I to that voice replied.
From this glad hour, by help from God,
I'll try and do my best,
To keep His laws and praise His name
And finally enter into Rest.

R. C. SOLILOQUY ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.

Brother King and Sister Birdie,
I will write for you a rhyme,
As I ride in Nahums Chariot,
Thus I'll pass away the time.
While I thus convey my feelings,
Joy and sorrow fills my heart,
Joy, because that I have seen you,
Grief because we had to part.

Every word that you have spoken,
Every act you have performed,
Was a wreath of pure affection,
With which you my brow adorned.
Kind words never lose their power
Harsh words ever leave a smart,
Each will always be remembered,
By a glad, or broken heart.

They who scatter seeds of kindness,
Soon shall reap an hundred fold,
Let us then devote each hour
Cheering sad hearts, poor, and cold.
O we cannot know the sorrow,
Nor the trials of each heart,
But we can be kind to all men,
And thus perform a noble part.

Often when your friends are smiling,
Grief is breaking their poor hearts,
While they sing, and seem quite merry,
They are acting out their parts.
Youth and age is filled with sadness,
All have trials hard, and cruel,
Brother, sister fill your mission,
Follow close, "the golden rule."

Gaze upon yesterday's flower,
Filling home with fragrance sweet,
'Twas because that we were happy,
Yes, our joy was most complete,
Gaze today upon that flower,
Dead and withered now it lies,
Frost of separation killed it,
Tears of sadness fall, it dies.

Give my kind regards to mother,
Say that oft for her I pray,
Tell her that her boy remembers
With joy, her baptismal day.
Tell her that I hope to meet her,
On the resurrection morn,
When the voyage life is over
And we're safe from every storm.

Tell Maria and the children,
They are all remembered still,
That the wanderer hopes to meet them,
Safe on Zion's holy hill.
O my heart is sad and lonely,
Though I am nearing my own home,
Home, that word, how void of meaning
To one like me who's doomed to roam.

Far away from my dear Lizzie,
She, the bright star of my life,
Other joys are vain and empty,
When I am from my own true wife.
But the day of sweet deliverance,
Is at hand, I'll weep no more,
For the day is fast approaching,
When all parting shall be o'er.

Fare thee well, thou fondly cherished,
Dear ones, ever pray for me,
I'll be true even though I perish,
Like the one of Galilee.
Good night, we are nearing London,
Write in answer to my rhyme,
All mistakes I trust you'll pardon,
I'll improve perhaps next time.

London, March 7th, 1889

TO LIZZIE.

By R. C. Evans, 1899.

Dear Lizzie, alone in my bedroom
By the window, I watch the pale moon,
Neath the twilight my thought wanders homeward
I see you asleep in your room.
Tired hands, now are resting, 'tis midnight,
The weeks numerous duties are o'er,
Smiling lips low sweet whisper, thou art dreaming
Oh, Daisy dost thou dream of me more.

May dreams true and sweet be your portion
Happy hours, neath midnight's dark gloom,
For none are more worthy than you are
To have Angels enter their room.
To-night o'er and o'er I have pleaded
That Heaven would bless and protect,
My darling so true, pure and faithful,
And by Angelic dreams, her direct.

I feel oft that I am unworthy,
Of you, and the love you bestow,
Yet God knows my heart knows no other,
Nor cares in this life e'er to know.
He knows I am trying each hour
To be worthy the love that you give,
My greatest ambitions on earth is
With you now, and ever to live.

Your Dickie Boy.

"THE TEMPEST."

Composed by Elder R. C. Evans, Oct. 23rd, 1891.

Far out on the human tempest
A storm is on the deep,
'Tis midnight on the waters
Ah weep, my people weep.
We have wandered far from the harbor,
Far out on the raging sea,
Ah why did ye spurn my counsel
Ah! why did ye stray from me.

Far out on the rolling billows
I see your storm-tossed bark
There is death in the angry waters,
Ye are drifting out in the dark.
Look up, see the Light House yonder
Beware of the cruel rock,
Ah! why in the darkness wander,
Return and be safe on the dock.

Give ear to my voice e'er you're stranded,
Lay hold on repentance firm oar
Remember the words I commanded,
And all pull for Zion's fair shore,
The lights on the shore are all shining,
I'll pardon your folly and sin,
Come back to the harbor of safety
By righteousness pure enter in.

HEART THROBS.

By Bishop Evans, Dec. 23rd, 1916.

Sitting alone in my library,
Visions of distant years,
Loom up in memories record
Filling my eyes with tears.
Yesterday, youth, like a rose bud
Blossomed around my way,
Life was all bloom and fragrance,
With never a thought of decay.

Rippling rills, were sweet music,
Sun, moon and stars were all bright,
Song birds were God's revelators,
Flowers were as smiles of delight,
All nature sang forth their praises,
To God for his wonderful power,
As youth gazed with keen admiration,
Then faded away like a flower.

Manhood claimed both time and talent,
Everything youth left behind,
Heart-love and physical power,
Each minute production of mind.
Youth's death produced resurrection
In manhood, with all that it means,
From the sepulchre came forth a person
Called of God to reflect Gospel beams.

TRIBUTE TO OUR LATE MISSION PRESIDENT,
R. C. EVANS.

Composed by Alvin Knisely, travelling Elder, 1902

Long live the man in this old mission found
Who spoke his heart when dastards trembled round;
Who, fired with more than Greek or Roman rage,
Flashed truth on tyrants, from his bold courage.

But soon he goes out Westward, another place to fill,
Bowing uncomplainingly to God's unfailing will.
But look around behind him, you who now are one,
And see the good, the work, the toils, this faithful man has
done.

Just look and see the fragments of dynamited creeds,
That's strewn in his pathway to speak of active deeds,
Just think of poor old "Keefer" whom he dealt a heavy blow,
Just think of T. L. Wilkinson he killed so long ago.

We can look and see such persons and hypocrites dethroned,
Who tried their best to crush the right and error had con-
doned,
See blind superstition and imposture how well probed,
The dastard clergy bleeding because they've been disrobed.

And now dear friends I've only one more word to say,
R. C. has had his faults like us, and no doubt gone astray;
But if you have flowers, tokens, praises; or anything to give,
Don't wait to cast them on his grave, but give them while he
lives.

LOCH LOMOND.

Composed by R. C. Evans on Loch Lomond, Scotland, Sept 2nd, 1903

Tune—"Annie Laurie."

'Twas in the month September,
Year nineteen Hundred three,
We gazed upon the highlands,
And strolled far o'er the lea.
The heather, flower of fame
We gathered in the rain,
And the famous Scottish Thistle,
We plucked for Auld Lang Syne.

We sailed upon Loch Lomond,
From shore to shore we plied,
We gazed on high Ben Lomond,
The mont of Scotland's pride.
The land of ancient clans,
The home of Scott and Burns,
Bonny glens and Lochs and mountains,
Rippling rills, wild flowers and ferns.

Scotland, home of ancient heroes,
And bards, that gave sweet song,
Of poets that thrilled the nations,
With exposure of the wrong.
I prize, admire and praise,
Yet my choice lies o'er the foam,
To fair Canada my birthplace,
Priceless gem, and home sweet home.

HOME.

Composed by R. C. Evans, August, 1902.

Tune—"Far Away."

When the sun sinks down in grandure.
In the blue sky of the west,
When the moon woos placid waters
Like a maid each wavelet blush,
When the whippoorwill is sighing,
Lonely in the mossy dell,
Then I think of one far distant,
And that last sad word farewell.

Sun asleep, the wavelet whisper,
See each star with love doth shine,
All around points to my secret
Thoughts of you, of love sublime.
Doves are cooing, lutes are singing,
Crickets pipe and lovers roam,
All these thrill me with sweet memories,
Of the lonely ones at home.

Home, that word, how full of meaning,
Sweetest spot on all the earth,
All the world is but a desert,
When compared with my own hearth.
Lizzie, lover, wife and mother,
Children sacred slumber there,
God in heaven safely guard them,
Now and ever is my prayer.

ZION

Sung in tongues by J. H. Lake and interpreted by R. C. Evans at
Longwood, Ont. June 22nd, 1902.

Harken unto me my Saints:
List to God your Saviour King;
Cease your murmuring and complaints:
Soon His Son with you will sing.

Soon He'll rend the clouds and come—
Come and bring you safely home—
Home to Zion to roam no more—
Bathed beneath the glittering shore.

Emblemized 'neath bread and wine,
Here My Son appears divine.
See that worthiness and truth,
Guide the aged and the youth.

Soon with Him you'll eat again,
When with Him ye live and reign,
Come my people Christ admire—
Soon He'll thee baptize with fire.

FAR PEALING SILVER WEDDING BELLS.

Twenty-five years ago in the city of London, Ontario, was celebrated a quiet wedding which united in one the destinies of two whose names are today widely known and highly honored as any husband and wife in the Reorganization, testimony of which was in evidence last evening at their lovely home in the city of their wedlock, when a very large assembly greeted them upon the auspicious occasion of their silver wedding, at which they were presented by those present and those who regretted their absence, with many beautiful and costly gifts, the value of which will reach into the hundreds of dollars, accompanied by letters and telegrams from Canadians and those in foreign countries. The evening sped rapidly into the small hours, while the occasion was illuminated by the interspersion of appropriate songs, speeches, recitations, with some instrumental renderings.

When the call came for R. C. to leave the candy factory, he left a good salary to live on the small allowance offered by the church, and God has blessed him and his, and last night we were made glad to hear him say that notwithstanding he has been shot and mobbed several times, and endured many hardships, that his "Lizzie" has made the greater sacrifice of the two. Truly she has, all through the years of loneliness and labor, been a wonderful help to R. C. and all who know them can say, this union was made under the guiding hand of God.

But great was the surprise and numerous the compliments when R. C. sang, (to the tune of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree") the following beautiful song of his own composition, to the complete surprise of Sr. Lizzie, which when sung with that melodious voice, portrayed the scenes of the true love story of their lives. All present were visibly affected with this beautiful life story:

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

Composed by R. C. Evans, June 9th. 1906.

Tune—"In the shade of the Old Apple Tree."

We meet.

The Sabbath bells were pealing forth an anthem,
The birds were singing, 'mid the trees so green,
The church door swung ajar, 'twas you that entered,
Then just a girl of scarcely seventeen.
The curls were hanging o'er your graceful shoulders,
Those eyes so true, can never be described,
A voice prophetic spoke to me so strangely,
"There is your wife, God made you one, abide."

CHORUS

'Twas the voice of the Lord that I heard,
And my soul to its depths then was stirred,
God has destined through life, we should be man and wife,
While as yet we were strangers in word.

We Speak.

When next we met, 'twas mid the rain and thunder,
The night winds howling, darkness over all;
When leaving church you tripped, and forward falling
I clasped you in my arms without your call.
Thus saved, you sweetly thanked the dark-eyed stranger,
That look, those words, performed a mighty part,
'Twas done, you spoke, I answered, thus the strangers,
Had met at last and spoken heart to heart.

CHORUS

Since then thunder is music to me,
The rain drops, sweet notes of a song,
Played on memory's flute, like the voice of a lute,
And your words flood the years true and strong.

The Betrothal.

The moon was shimmering brightly on the water,
The stars gleamed forth in majesty sublime;
We strolled together by the murmuring waters,
Then to the verdant hill-crest we did climb.
'Twas there while seated on the daisy meadow,
I told to you the story of my heart;
'Twas there you gave the kiss that sealed the contract,
To live as one till death calls us to part.

CHORUS

Till the flowers of memory fade,
Till the waves of true love cease to roll,
Shall I cherish that night as the one ever bright,
Then I found the best half of my soul.

The Marriage.

'Twas June, the month that birds mate in the tree tops
When streamlets warble love songs to the sea.
When soft south winds woo timid leaf and flower—
'Twas nature's wedding month when I wed thee.

And once again we stood in God's pure temple,
Where first I met you two short years before;
We took the vows that made us one forever,
To cherish each the other and adore.

CHORUS

Never bride on the earth was more pure,
Never vow made was kept more secure;
You have blessed all my life, as a true loving wife,
Since the hour we wed, I am sure

The Anniversary and Hope.

'Tis twenty-five sweet years ago to-night dear,
Since I upon your finger placed this ring.
Our friends have met to spend the anniversary
The story of our life for them I sing;
But they can never know the joy and pleasure
It gives me to recall your splendid charms,
May God who made us one, forever hold us together,
Together in his everlasting arms.

CHORUS

When the voyage of this earth life is o'er,
And the billows of death roll no more,
In the Zion of rest, may we live with the blessed,
And be one on the ever green shore.

While the evening was thus speeding away, the palate of the most fanciful epicurean was being satisfied by the waiters from the larder of our youthful looking hostess.

First to appear of the guests of the evening was Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Perrin. He is one of the wealthy men of Canada, R. C. worked as foreman in his candy factory at the time of his marriage, and Mr. Perrin has always held R. C. in high favor, and does yet. Little did this man think, when twenty-five years ago, he placed him in such responsible position that he was training one to control men, not only in the business marts of life, but that in a few years this man with two others, would preside over the Church of Christ in all the world, as the loved and honored of many thousands.

May they, with their two children, live long to be an honor to the church, and to the many thousands they have made sacrifices to make happy, is the earnest prayer of the writer.

Your brother in hope,

R. C. Russell.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH

Written by Bishop Evans, June 4th, 1910.

Tune—"Way down upon the Swanee River."

Dear Lizzie, on the train I'm writing,
This song for you,
For memories hand is reaching backward,
Thirty-one years ago.
Then your hair was golden ringlets,
And your face most fair,
Now silver threads adorn your temple,
Your sweet face show lines of care.

CHORUS

'Tis sweet to sing of spring and summer,
With their bud and bloom,
Far sweeter is the fruit of autumn,
The climax of summer's noon.

Life's morn is passed and noon has followed,
Night comes apace,
May stars of hope illumine our pathway,
The glooming of eve, sweet peace.
Thus when the night is o'er and morning,
Brings Eternal day,
May we redeemed, live on together,
To this end I ever pray.

Twenty-nine years we've lived together,
As man and wife;
Oh may our union never sever,
Through our eternal life.
Pure in thought and chaste in conduct,
Wife and mother true,
No other heart could woo my worship,
I love only one, that's you.

THE TWO JONAHs.

Written on train, June 20th, 1910, by R. C. Evans.

In the book we call the bible,
We may read a story old,
Some regard it but a fable,
Just an allegory bold.
Notwithstanding names and places,
Facts of history plainly told,
All supported by discoveries,
Scientific men enfold.

Ninus built a mighty city
On the banks of Tigris grand,
"Nineva" he named it proudly,
Thinking it would ever stand.
Scarce a hundred years had vanished
Since the flood by God's command,
Had destroyed all men, but Noah,
And his family off the land.

Nineva forgot this warning,
Soon in wickedness they fell,
God sent Jonah with the message
That he feared to go and tell.
Foolish Jonah, went to Joppa
Then took ship to flee from God,
Soon a storm swept o'er the waters
In vain they rowed to reach the sod.

Sleeping and rebellious Jonah
Now awake, his story told,
Lots were cast, he was the victim,
So into the sea was hurled.
God prepared a fish, on purpose,
Jonah, swallowed by the whale,
For three days and nights he pleaded,
Though in Hell, his prayer avail.

To the land, God sends the monster,
Then he vomets, Jonah, saved,
Nineva soon hears the prophet
And repents, those much depraved,
Once again poor Jonah falters,
Fails God's love to understand,
Just because he choose to pardon
Six score thousand of that land.

I can understand poor Jonah,
And the story of him told,
For I suffered much as he did,
Hence my story, I unfold.
To Toronto, God did send me,
His great message there to tell,
But I wandered off, like Jonah,
And for weeks I prayed in Hell.

Sleepless nights, each day in horror,
Passed the weeks since I left home,
All because I left my mission
In the North West lands to roam.
Jonah's Hell gave no more sorrow,
May my cry, like his, be heard,
May the Fish of God's own power,
Take me back to preach the word.

God of Jonah, hear my pleading,
I confess I went astray,
When I followed man's opinion,
And from my mission went away.
Take me back to my Toronto,
There to walk the sunny way,
Ever more I'll do thy bidding,
Never more to go astray.

MY TORONTO

Written by R. C. Evans, Sept. 9th, 1914.

Tune—"Annie Laurie."

My Toronto, my Toronto,
Inscribed upon my heart
Are the memories of thy goodness,
Thou hast well performed thy part
Through all the busy years,
Mid joy and sorrow's tears,
By thy prayers, thy faith and finance,
Thou hast banished all my fears.

When opposed by cruel apostates,
When the world, upon me frowned,
When I groaned 'neath jealous powers
Combined to have me bound,
'Twas then you loyal proved,
Your works illumed your love;
Till my adversaries vanished,
Thanks to you and God above.

Comrades in the holy warfare
I love you one and all.
May we work in love and union
Till the Master, each shall call.
Our crucifixion past
Sweet rest and peace shall come;
Triumphant and together,
We shall dwell with Christ, at home.

MY GRANDCHILDREN.

Composed by Bishop Evans on his three grandchildren, June, 1917.

Tune—Marching Through Georgia.

Little Dick is papa's man,
And Ruby's papa's boy,
Little Marnie's papa's girl,
And they three papa's joy.
Sunbeams radiant and bright,
Each one a gift from God,
Loves real monument from Heaven.

CHORUS

Hurrah, Hurrah, when summer comes we'll play,
Hurrah, Hurrah, with joy they'll fill each day,
On Ozark Hill and Low Banks shore,
Will troubles be forgot,
While we play with the babies.

Heaven's sacred holy gift,
The loving tie that binds,
Is baby hands and baby voice,
When baby arms entwine.
Take your worldly pleasures all
They're dross compared to gold,
Give me the little tots from Heaven

CHORUS

Men and women oft are false,
Engulfing us in grief,
Selfishness and pride, the curse
From which we seek relief,
Bring the babies each to me
They're always pure and true,
Emblems of future bliss and heaven.

OUR HARRY

Composed the Day of Baby's Death, by A Friend.

Dark the night, the storm was raging
When the messenger arrived,
In the dark and chilly morning
Our darling baby died.
Died, and yet it was not dying,
It was more like gentle sleep,
Just the Master mildly calling
Our Harry home to keep.

Harry darling we shall miss thee,
Never more we'll press thy form,
Never shall we see thee smiling
'Till the resurrection morn;
Then we'll meet to part, no never,
On the pure and stainless shore.
O, this knowledge cheers our lone hearts,
We shall meet to part no more.

Rest in peace thou fondly cherished,
'Neath the solemn whispering leaves,
While we gaze upon the lone grave,
We shall cheer the hearts that grieve;
For we'll look beyond the cold tomb
To the Paradise of God,
Where thy spirit dwells in glory
Far beyond earth's gloomy sod.

MEMORY.

Tune—"The Dying Nun."

Memory's hand is reaching backward
 O'er the scenes of other years,
 Through the twilight, gloom and darkness,
 Through the sorrows and the tears, ~~and~~
 When distressed with pain and sickness
 In the chamber of despair—
 When the Father's ear seemed heavy,
 So he listened not to prayer.

Memory's eye is scanning over
 Pages that record the past;
 Here is seen God's loving mercy
 There, His power to calm the blast;
 O'er the thorn the rose is blooming,
 After sorrow came the joy—
 After gloom had taught the lesson,
 Then came peace without alloy.

Death has claimed me as his victim,
 Pain has placed me near the grave,
 Hope has fled e'en from physician,
 Friends were powerless to save;
 Ah! 'twas then God showed his power,
 Quenched the fire of cruel pain—
 Healed my wounded, weakened body,
 Brought me back to health again.

When my enemies have hurt me,
 With their cruel scandal keen,
 Till I thought life was a burden
 And my friends lived but in dream,
 Then it was that God defended—
 Brought me from the miry clay,
 Into which my foes had hurled me;
 Brought me joy and them dismay.

Thus while sailing on life's ocean,
 Cruel waves have lashed my bark;
 On the foaming billows drifting,
 In the midnight storm so dark,
 Then it was God threw the life-line,
 Rescued me from cruel crest—
 O'er the water came a sweet voice:
 "Thou art loved, fear not 'tis best."

Toronto, Nov. 22, 1893

UNITY.

By R. C. Evans.

Air—"Happy Day."

O happy day, when we shall see
The saints in perfect unity,
When jealously contention strife,
Those seeds of hell cease to have life.

CHORUS

God of saints hear our prayer,
Strengthen the weak ones who despair,
And may the glorious time soon come,
When all thy children shall be one.

For then we'll see thy mighty power,
Displayed in this the eleventh hour,
All Israel from the north will come,
And Ephraim will no longer roam.

When all shall guard his brother's fame,
Defend his sister's precious name,
When all the saints of God are one,
Then we can say to Jesus come.

Again the standard is unfurled,
The honest heart in all the world,
Will soon rejoice in God's great truth,
The aged sire, also the youth

O yes, the blood-stained banner flies,
The angel's flown amid the skies,
God's saving plan is not ignored,
The gospel blessings are restored.

Awake to union and be one,
Or saith the Lord, ye are not mine,
For oneness brings the blessing down,
Oneness at last will gain the crown.

BROTHER HUNT.

Dear brother Hunt has passed away
Across the stream of death;
Ne'er has a nobler soul than he
E'er breathed a single breath.

His life throughout was pure and grand—
His character sublime;
Bright pattern of a Christian life,
His light did truly shine.

A man of patience and of peace,
One that was loved by all;
A mighty man— a faithful steward
Saith all, both great and small.

A husband true in every sense—
A father and a friend;
He fell asleep, death had no sting,
His was a righteous end.

A soldier, brave, has left our ranks
To join the spirit band;
He on the other shore doth wait
To take us by the hand.

Gone home to rest, thou man of God!
Thy race on earth is run;
Yea, many a battle thou hast fought,
Now rest, thy victory won.

He passed away, like morning dew
Before the rising sun;
He raised his eyes to heaven, and then
Our cherished one was gone.

Oh! may we all prepare to meet
This faithful saint again,
Where sorrow, tears, and parting cease,
With Christ to live and reign

A MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

Lowbanks, Toronto Reunion Camp,

July, 1916.

Alone He prayed upon the shore,
The camp lay slumbering (could he do more)
Yet at this silent midnight hour,
No human hand could stay the shower
Of sorrow and of grief.
When o'er the water comes a gleam
A moonlit path of silver sheen,
And opening vision wakes to see
The One who walked on Galilee,
Stretch forth His hand and succor give
With strength to shield and power to live,
And back again o'er memory's years
I see a path beset with fears
That boy alone must tread.
The call has come 'tis from his God
And bravely shoulders he the rod,
And like the Israelite of old
He spurns a life of ease and gold,
And forth upon his mission goes
Tight fettered by his foes.
For human calls to human still
Yet he his mission must fulfill,
Though fain would rest from cruel snare
When travelling all bruised with care,
He groans beneath the load.
Again I see him climb the steep,
O'er rugged way to mountain peak,
For he alone must pray.
And again the strength to guide aright,
Fallen humanity ere the night
Of sin and shame and foul despite,
Submerge them with its withering blight.
Again I see him calm, serene,
A shepherd guiding sheep between
The cruel thorns of hate and spite
O'er morass deep and darkening night
To fields of pasture green.

And now he stands before the throng
The spirits might to right and wrong
With the Gospel of his God.
The path leads on he cannot stay,
Nor tarnish mantle in sin's dark way.
To smear the gift that comes from heaven,
Would scar the hand from which it's given,
Thus on he marches in his fight,
For he has reached that glorious height
From which he says, I know,
And looking back o'er two score years,
Through wreaths of smiles and mist of tears.
Again I see him kneeling here,
And I know he's not alone.

Mina Washington.

OUR HOPE

To Aunt Lizzie the true and faithful,
To Uncle Dick, the brave and strong,
We send this little table,
And with it goes along
The love of hearts made happy,
By the friendship of two so fine.
May our associations together
Stand the test of time,
And in Eternity gather
On the earth where the saints shall be,
The glorious victory accomplished
By the truth that has made us free.
Heart throbs from Jordie, Charlie and Auntie.

Xmas 1917.

Correspondence and Notes

of

BISHOP R. C. EVANS

NEWSBOY TO BISHOP OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

**Distinctive Honors Conferred Upon R. C. Evans, The
Sunday Night Preacher in Toronto Theatre.**

President R. C. Evans of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, known as the minister that has been holding services in the Majestic Theatre for the last five winters, and who has built two churches in the city, has just returned from a mission in Missouri and Iowa, at which he was ordained Bishop of Canada.

He delivered a series of lectures in one of the largest churches of Kansas City. For three weeks the church was filled, many times to overflowing, several nights hundreds being turned away unable to gain even standing room in the great church.

From Kansas City he was called to attend the general conference of the church, which convened at Lamoni, Iowa. To this convention came delegates from all parts of the world.

President Joseph Smith, and his two counsellors were called to preside over this body. They are known as the "First Presidency." Joseph Smith has been the president of the church since 1860. His two counsellors were called seven years ago. They are F. M. Smith and R. C. Evans.

Elder Evans has been considered the chief representative of this church in Canada for a number of years. He was once a newsboy, selling papers on the streets of Lon-

don, Ontario. In his early years he professed conversion, was baptized in 1876, and was called to the ministry in 1882. In 1882 he was ordained priest, and an elder in 1884, presided over the church in London till 1886, when he was ordained a Seventy. This call made him a missionary, and he left London for the missionary fields. Since then he has lectured in almost every part of the Dominion and many parts of the United States, as also England, Scotland and Wales. He was ordained an apostle in 1897, being then placed in charge of the missionary work in Canada. In 1902 he was called to be counsellor to President Joseph Smith, which position he has filled till this conference, when he was ordained Bishop of Canada.

This sacred calling confers upon him great responsibility, in that he, with his two counsellors (who have not yet been chosen by him) will hold all the church properties in Canada, as trustees for the general church. He will control all the financial concerns of the Canadian Church, all the tithing, offerings, consecrations and free will offerings will be sent to him and he in turn will expend the same, in meeting the requirements of the missionaries and their families, as also the poor of the church. He will also be a judge over the church courts.

While his duties will require him to visit the many churches throughout the Dominion, yet he says that much of the work will be accomplished by his agents and counsellors, while he will continue to devote a great deal of his time to preaching in the Soho-street church and that he will continue his lectures during the winter in the Majestic Theatre.

LONDON BRANCH.

Presented to Elder Evans by the London Branch when he entered the Missionary Field in June 1886.

London, June 7th, 1886.

To whom it may concern:—

We the branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of L. D. S., do hereby tender our heartfelt vote of thanks for the noble service rendered by our beloved brother, Richard C. Evans.

He was baptized 5th of Nov. 1876, at London, Ont., and has proven to be a worker for the truth. He has been our presiding Branch Officer for a long time: We therefore, the members and officers of said branch, do heartily recommend our beloved brother, as being a noble servant, worthy of the respect of all kindreds, tongues and people. He is a friend, a neighbor, a brother, a servant and a Saint indeed.

We pray God's protection and ever blessed spirit to be with and comfort our beloved brother. To this end we shall ever pray.

The London Branch of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Owen W. Cambridge,
Clerk.

London, Feb. 5th, 1904.

Dear Sister Evans:—

Being desirous that the work so ably and faithfully carried on by our beloved brother and counsellor—your husband—amongst us during the past four months, should not pass altogether without recognition at our hands,—and being more especially desirous of noticing the part you have so generously filled in keeping our brother here at

your own expense, we the undersigned have chosen this way of manifesting our estimation of the great privilege we have enjoyed—even that of the personal presence for so long a time of our brother in our midst—working might and main for the best interest of the great cause so dear to the heart of every true Latter Day Saint, so that we trust our action in this matter will commend itself to you so far favorably as to insure the acceptance at your hands of our humble token of fraternal love, esteem, and the very best of good wishes and good will.

May God more abundantly bless and reward you and spare you to each other to long carry on together the work committed to your hands, and may our beloved brother, your husband, continue to be in the future as he has been in the past, one of the main pillars of this Great and Glorious Latter Day Work.

Elder Wm. Fligg,
For the Branch.

London, Jan. 15th, 1891.

To Elder R. C. Evans and Wife.

To you as President:—

We the officers and members of your congregation have gathered on this occasion to do you honor as our worthy president. It is with profound pleasure that we have assembled under the shades of your roof to pay tribute to one who has been so faithful a servant of our Lord and Master. Believe us, dear brother, when we say that on such an auspicious occasion as this, we are pleased to assure you that we as a congregation have been blessed and encouraged by your administrations. We have every reason to believe that you have labored hard and incessantly as God's servant to bring us into a state of unison and good fellowship one toward another such as should characterize

the people of God. We are conscious of the fact that it has been through your untiring energy and zeal, and your favor with God that has brought us out from beneath the gloom, and we are again beginning to enjoy the sunshine of God's approbation. We have reasons also to believe that you have labored hard for us, having to contend with opposing friends and influences antagonistic to divine truth, but we hope that it will be encouraging for you to know that you have the sympathy and prayers of all of God's children in this part of His moral vineyard, and who are desirous of seeing His work advance. Therefore, dear brother, as a slight token of our appreciation and sustenance we ask you, and it is our wish and will, to please accept this donation as a slight reminder of our esteem and your services to usward, furthermore we hope that it may be the will of our Heavenly Father to allow you to remain with us to impart unto us the words of eternal life. But we would not be selfish, for we know that you have a most important mission to fill—that of bringing the people of other lands into the fold and kingdom of God. It is our desire to sustain you as long as it is your lot to remain with us.

We can truly say that you have labored well for us; and though you may have courted the frowns of evil doers, yet by your observance to God's laws and commands you have found favor in the sight of God and thus been in a condition to rightly divine unto us the laws and precepts of our divine Master. You have never wavered in well doing. You have come when we've called. When sick and afflicted you have visited us and comforted us by your prayers and administrations; and you have ever been willing to act in the office of your calling, whenever duty called.

To you, dear sister, his partner in life, we would that you should participate in the festivities of this occasion, for doubtless your words have cheered him on to duty, when duty seemed a task. We have found you also ever ready and willing to do what you could for the cause which we dearly love and cherish, and we hope that this occasion will not lessen your desire or ours to seek to become one

family in Christ Jesus. We trust that this demonstration of our respect and confidence may be but the beginning of what you both may receive wherever it is our Heavenly Father's will to place you. It is our desire to take each other by the right hand of fellowship and follow where the Master leads.

As you go out into your field of labor we trust that the peace and blessing of God may go with you, and that His power may be around and about you at all times, to shield and protect you from danger seen and unseen; and that the peace of God that passeth all understanding may be yours to enjoy. We pray that God will bless you with His Holy Spirit, that it may comfort, strengthen and cheer you in the hour of trial and temptation. We trust that we all may live in love, unity, and peace. Ever praying for your welfare, we remain,

The Officers and members of the branch at London:

William Pugsley	William Fligg,
Charles Insell	William Corbett
Francis Falkner	William Hardy
William Moss.	

London, July 8th, 1908.

To President R. C. Evans,
Wife and Family:—

Dear Brother:—

It is with sincere regret that we, the members of the London Branch, learn of your intending departure from us to locate in the City of Toronto. To dwell upon that possibility brings memory's hand back to the pleasant and happy years that have been spent with you and yours. You heard and obeyed the beautiful Gospel while yet a boy, and have advanced and made a name and place in the

church next to our beloved Prophet. Through those years of administrations as a servant of God, you have endeared yourself to the hearts of God's people, with God ever on your side you have been enabled to stand for the right, and ever been an enemy to all unrighteousness. You have been a father to us as a people; your labor of love has been felt in our hearts and homes. Through your instrumentality many of us have learned the sweet old story; you have been with us in our joys and sorrows; have gone with us with our loved ones to the silent city of the dead; been our priest and president, counsellor and friend.

To our sister Lizzie we are also endeared. Words fail us to convey our love and respect for one who has worked and sacrificed as she has done for the good of the church and God's people. The choir and Sabbath School have been blessed with your association, by you the truth has ever been upheld; you have been a true friend to the sick and afflicted, the poor and needy, and we have rejoiced and felt better because of your having been one of us.

To your daughter Lizzie we feel our loss as a Sabbath School worker is Toronto's gain. She has grown up with our children, and has manifested a love for the church and God's people which should be a source of comfort and joy to you both. As a people we hope she will continue in the good work, and be a benediction to her companions and friends, and a true child of God.

Though your son Willie has not been so much with us for the last few years, yet he has a warm place in the hearts of London Saints, and we hope yet to see him stand and administer in his office and calling before the Lord. We know the Lord guards his children well and we as a people will yet hear from him in God's own time, so we trust he will be faithful and true to the work which we all love so well.

As a slight token of the esteem in which you all are held by us we herewith present to you these flowers and recept-

acle and hope they will remind you of the days and years that you have spent with the saints of the London Branch.

Thus one and all we wish you farewell to your new home. May the richest blessings of our Heavenly Father be yours to enjoy, and may he hasten the time when we will never say good bye,

On behalf of the branch,
President Wm. Fligg.

CHATHAM DISTRICT.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

To Elder R. C. Evans.

Dear Brother:—

It is indeed a pleasure to us to greet you back in our midst after your long sojourn in distant lands which has been fraught no doubt, with its discomforts and annoyances incident to traveling; however, we do not regard this as the important feature of your extended tour, for knowing and considering your love of home, and Canada as a mission field, we at once see the sacrifice occasioned which we have every reason to believe was hard to be borne and which was bravely encountered by you as God's Ambassador to the world.

We are thus brought to realize the painful fact that whereas we could once behold you as Canada's child; watch you mature into manhood and finally into a leader of the people in Canada,—we now must in a measure at least relinquish that hold, those maternal cords are broken and we reluctantly learn the lesson that we now have not full and absolute claim upon you, however, we wish to assure you that even though you may be called from us more frequently, you still hold in our hearts a place no one can fill and

though words are not adequate to express our heart yearnings, our longings, our anticipations, our prayers, our fastings and our jealous care for you while you are absent from us, yet we wish to assure you that our hearts have bled as a consequence of the wounds left by the cruel sword of separation, and while your presence is a balm to those wounds, yet the scar remains as a token of your worth and the esteem in which you are held.

Your untiring efforts, your wisdom and counsel, your integrity for the cause we are engaged in, and which you have so patiently faced intolerance, bigotry and persecution to defend, is a proof of your love for us and we wish this meagre instrument to convey the sentiment that you hold a place in our affections which cannot be expressed either by word or sign and that nothing but wisdom of God can reveal.

Signed in behalf of Chatham District Religio and Sunday School Association,

Wm. Rose
Jessie Hackett.

BRITISH ISLES MISSION'S ADDRESS TO COUNSELLOR R. C. EVANS.

We the members of the British Isles Mission Conference of the Re-organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in the name of the Ministry and laity of the Church in the British Islands, heartily bid you welcome to our shores, which we sincerely hope may not prove inhospitable to you.

We feel pleased to think that you have for twenty-five years carried on, and trust that you may continue to carry on the Lord's work in Canada, which you have so nobly

and faithfully performed even at the peril of your life. (Acts 15.26).

We thank Almighty God that He has in His infinite goodness spared your life to visit us and worship with us the one God; and enjoy association with the saints whose homes are in these Islands, the inhabitants of which have done more to disseminate the written word than any other nation of the Earth. We earnestly hope that you, the servant of the Lord, counsellor to your honourable co-labourer, President Joseph Smith, may be spared many years to occupy that position, and together with him, have ample opportunity to rightly interpret that word which our fellow countrymen have so lavishly distributed among the nations.

We reverently hope that the good accruing from your visit may be reciprocal, that while you our brother may be benefitted intellectually, physically and spiritually, we may be blessed and strengthened by association with representatives of that nation, whose fathers in 1620 anchored their barks off "That wild New England Shore", braving the perils of tempestuous seas, rigours of climate and a new country peopled with savage benighted descendants of a once enlightened race to find:—

"A faith's pure shrine,
Freedom to worship God."

John W. Rushton, Missionary in charge.

William R. Armstrong, Mission Secretary.

George Baty, John E. Meredith, J. W. Taylor, Committee.

SCOTLAND

An Address of Welcome.

Presented to Presidents Joseph Smith and R. C. Evans at a Reception held Aug. 29th, 1903, at the home of Bro. McPherson.

We the members of the Glasgow Branch of the Re-organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, heartily bid you welcome. We feel thankful to our Heavenly Father that we have all been spared to see this happy day, when we can meet with our worthy President Joseph Smith and his esteemable Counsellor President R. C. Evans. We thank Almighty God that He has in His infinite goodness spared your lives to visit us and worship with us, the one God, and enjoy association with the Saints of this country. We sincerely hope that the good accruing from this visit may be mutual, that while we may be benefitted intellectually and spiritually we may be blessed and strengthened for the future conflicts of the Glorious Cause we all so dearly love.

In conclusion we trust that when the time arrives for you to leave these shores, you may be enabled to return to your loved ones in perfect safety, to continue the noble work you have in hand. May God's divine blessings be ever yours to enjoy is the sincere wish and prayer of your brethren and sisters in this land of Scotland.

In behalf of the Glasgow Branch,

Joseph Arber, President.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Address of Welcome.

To President Richard C. Evans:—

We the officers and Members of the North Manchester Branch, rejoice to have this opportunity of welcoming you into our midst.

For many years we have had knowledge of you through the Church papers, first by reading your autobiography in *Autumn Leaves*, and later by reading your sermons in *Zion's Ensign*, and now to meet you seems like renewing old acquaintances.

We have always regarded you as one who, swayed by the Spirit of God could do much to firmly establish the work in which we are engaged.

We rejoice that you have been thought worthy to occupy the position of Counsellor to our beloved President. This is all the more pleasing to us, because you are a fellow subject of good King Edward VII. Not that we desire to boast of our nationality, because we are all fellow subjects in the Kingdom of God. It has been asserted, however, that the Church was an American institution begun in America, by Americans and practically for Americans.

To this we have always replied that the Church is a Divine Institution, and that its advantages are open to all peoples. Your selection to fill a position in the highest office in the Church will do much to prove that "In every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted by Him." We remember that you have been chosen to the position, that by association you may be prepared to act as assistant to whoever may be chosen, when our beloved President shall be taken. Our best wish for you, is that you may prove worthy of the great trust that has been reposed in you.

On behalf of the North Manchester Branch,

John Bailey, President.

Aug. 8th, 1903.

CONDOLENCE ON MOTHER'S DEATH.

Humber Bay, June 3rd, 1904.

To President R. C. Evans.

Dear Brother:—

It is with the deepest feelings of sympathy that we the Religians endeavor to extend our condolences at this time. Realizing that you will deeply feel the loss of one so beloved as a mother, we cannot hope to release you from the regret that filial affection begets, but by this expression of our respect we trust it will mitigate the sting of death.

The silver chord of life must at some period loose its melody, but as we discern the halo surrounding the long and well spent life of our aged sister it enables us to exclaim that surely the moment of this mortal ending was to her but the triumphant arch leading to the eternal gateway that opens into the fair fields of immortality. Sweet is the thought "There is no death" what seems so is transition, this life of mortal breath is but the suburb of the life elysian whose portal we call death.

Therefore, dear brother, if possible turn away from the sense of your own loss and in the consideration of the loved one's gain, you will be enabled to say, "Thy will be done," and look forward to the happy reunion that will obtain.

By order of Convention.

A. E. Mortimer,

E. A. McMullen

Lizzie Morrison, Committee.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The Saints of British Columbia to Elder R. C. Evans.

Greeting:—

Dear Brother:—It is with pleasure that we, the Saints of British Columbia endeavor to express and extend to you our welcome on your first visit to this mission.

Since the first intimation of your intention was delivered to us, we have looked forward to the time of realization with the deepest feeling of pleasure, and when we consider the difficulties that lay in your pathway, the calls for work in many parts of your field of labor, demanding incessant attention, the distance to be traversed ere you would reach us, the fewness of our numbers, we are indeed grateful to our Heavenly loving Father, who has opened up the way, and granted the fulfillment of your expectations and the realization of our desires. To us it seems an omen, that the Master has other "Sheep" among the glens and valleys of this rugged province, and we trust, that through your personal counsel and instruction, as his servant, Israel called may be edified and Israel scattered may be called.

And now dear brother, although you are many leagues from home and loved ones, and to outward appearances among strangers, yet we trust, through our rough exterior a portion of that inner light may shine through and make you feel at home. We do not look upon you as a stranger unknown to us. Many of our number have formed your acquaintance through the columns of Church Literature, and the bond thus formed and strengthened by the spirit of our Master, given to numbers of His household, goes out to you bidding you welcome; and the magnetic rays of "love one another", encircling our hearths and homes again bid you welcome.

We are aware, that you cannot remain long with us, knowing, that you must be about your Father's business, but while those duties necessitate your stay, we would impress upon you that our home doors are ever ajar and may you ever find us ready to assist the common cause of our enlistment, as brothers and sisters enrolled under the banner of King Immanuel. We thank you under God, for sending us our faithful missionary and his wife (Daniel MacGregor and his wife), who have carried to many of us for the first time news of the restored message. We are glad, that he will have your personal assistance in carrying on the work, and to this end, we with him, again bid you welcome, and may the love that the spirit gives and brings, bind us closer in the days of our association here, until we merge into that Kingdom where all is love.

We then ask you to accept this expression of our feelings in the spirit it is given, which is the spirit of our Lord and Saviour.

ST. MARY'S CONVENTION.

St. Mary's Ont., Oct. 20th, 1902.

To our highly esteemed, well beloved,
and worthy President, R. C. Evans:—

We a few who feel interested in your welfare but most of all because we appreciate your many and unrelenting efforts in our behalf, regardless of the pain and sacrifice it has caused you, beg you to accept this small token of our love as a birthday gift.

We wish you many happy returns of this day and pray the coming years may be interspersed with happier and more pleasant experiences than have ever yet been your lot to enjoy.

Your kind advice and wise loving counsel has come to us as a balm to our souls and it is our desire to show our appreciation by following it more closely in the future than we have in the past.

Floralice Miller,
Maggie MacGregor.

On behalf of London District Religio Association.

MANITOWANING ADDRESS.

President R. C. Evans.

Dear Brother in Christ:—

It is with joy and gratitude in our hearts, that we greet you here to-day; and bid you welcome to our shores. With longing expectations we have looked forward to this happy hour of meeting you and your esteemed wife. We greet you both in the name of the Master and trust that your sojourn among us may be of great benefit to us, and most pleasant to you, and that the cause you love so dearly, may be advanced here in our Island home.

Four short years ago, the Gospel message was presented to, and accepted by us, and under the Divine Providence of God, our lives have been spared to greet you and our brethren, across the mighty deep in Conference, and we trust by this meeting together, the work may be more firmly established here, and that like the mighty rocks that border this great Island, the truth may ever stand firm against the foaming, lashing waves, and the fierce storms of opposition that may assail it; and as our Island is girded round about with the mighty deep, so may truth ever gird our shores, until Island and Main land are united,

and the Kingdom of Christ set up over all the earth, when truth shall spread from shore to shore and error fall to rise no more.

Dear Brother and Sister, as a token of our appreciation of your presence among us, and as a memento to you of your first visit to the great Manitoulin, we present you with this Indian Bark work, manufactured by the original inhabitants of the Island, the Lamanites, demonstrating the artistic skill of this once wonderful people, and as a souvenir of art, we trust it will be valued by you, again we welcome you to our shores and pray the blessings of God's love and peace, may ever be with you.

Signed on behalf of the Manitowaning Saints.

W. R. Smith,
Thomas Charlton,
John Raveill.

ARTHUR CONFERENCE.

Arthur, Ont.
Oct. 20th, 1906.

To President R. C. Evans.

Esteemed and Beloved Brother:—

As it has pleased God to spare you to be with us upon this occasion, and it being the forty-fifth anniversary of your birthday, we as co-laborers in the great work of God, take advantage of this opportunity to give expression of our appreciation of your labors of love and sacrifice so cheerfully given during the years that we have had the privilege of your association.

God has signally blessed you and through you His blessings have reached us. We sincerely trust this little token of regard will assure you of our confidence in you as a man of God, and help inspire you to complete the work the Master has especially assigned you; that when the last milestone has been passed, your rest may be sweet in the Paradise of God.

Signed on behalf of the London District Conference, Religio, and Sunday School Associations.

Committee

A. E. Mortimer,
George Buschlen,
Frederick Gregory,
Floralice Miller,
Maggie MacGregor,
Jas. McLean.

The following is a loving appreciation of President R. C. Evans voiced by his friend and co-laborer in the mission field, Elder Frederick Gregory, then editor of the Canadian Messenger. Bro. Evans had much to do with the early training of Bro. Gregory, taking him into the field to labor with him when he was but a young lad. This may be found in the Canadian Messenger June 15th, 1903. The occasion was Bro. Evans leaving Canada to perform a mission in the British Isles in company with President Joseph Smith.

"One sad feature was the thought of Pres. Evans soon having to leave. He, with Bro. Joseph Smith intend to set sail from New York for England about the 17th to remain four months probably. We feel this is the first break in the long association we have had with our esteemed brother and will soon be followed by other breaks more serious to the mission than this proposed visit to the East. At the station Monday morning, a large number of Saints gathered

to clasp his hand and wish him God speed. Words are supposed to be useful in giving expression to our thoughts but on such occasions as this the moistened eye speaks of conditions and feelings that words cannot convey. Elder Evans by years of sacrifice and toil has endeared himself to Canadian Saints and though his favor with God has been recognized to some extent, there comes the thought that possibly after he moves from among us, some if not many, will realize that

The day is gone, all through the hours
I never recognized thy powers.
But thou art gone, Oh, I see now
How much of God was on thy brow.

To Elder R. C. Evans, retiring President of the London District of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Dear Brother:—

As it has pleased our Heavenly Father to appoint a High Priest for our District, and as we believe the time has come, according to the revelations going before, for you to be released from the burden and care of District Presidency, and as we believe that you ever desire to serve in harmony with the will of God, while we regret to have to part with you as District President, we pray the blessing and guidance of the Divine Master may be still yours to enjoy as in the past. And as a slight token of our appreciation of your past services and the esteem in which we still hold you, we, in behalf of the London District, present to you this cane (just here President Lake presented the cane, with the statement that although the recipient would not need it now for a support to his body we hope he might live to see that age when it might be a stay and a staff to lean on after years of toil and labor in the Master's cause),

and ask you to accept the same, not as a reward, but merely as a souvenir of love to the servant who has tried to do the Master's bidding. We do not intend it to take the place of the crown of righteousness laid up for the faithful, but pray your life may continue to be the life of the righteous and that your last end might be like His even celestial glory.

Signed on behalf of the District.

John H. Lake,
John Shields.

THE BISHOP'S REWARD.

Read this affectionate testimonial of one of the prominent men of the Church, written to Bro. Evans, while he was passing through one of his dark days. This is a sample of dozens of similar statements made by the membership of the church which cannot fail to give consolation and happiness to Bishop Evans.

"God knows that I have valued the friendship and association that has, I fondly thought, existed between us; your teachings convinced me that the Gospel was true though you did not baptize me, I was married by you, called to the office of a Priest through you, and later to the office of an Elder through you, was ordained a counsellor in the Elders Quorum by you, your speech of recommendation that I be ordained a High Priest has been treasured by me, of all men in this District you chose me to act as Bishop's Agent, and your recommendation did more to place me in the District Presidency than anything else, as well as counsel you have given me that I have acted upon for years, so why should I not value that friendship of the man who has entered so much into my life? I would not

to-day be in the church if it were not for your trust in me at the time I wanted my name taken off the church books, and your prophetic statement to the Branch and afterward to me, that I would yet occupy in the Melchisedec priesthood has been dear and most precious to me, as it seemed to show to me at least you thought I was capable of better things; and your statements to me when I have been discouraged and blue have helped me over many rough places, so is it any wonder that I have cherished words of commendation and praise from you in my later years.

Nearly every year we have sent a message to the Herald similar to the following, in order to show the Saints throughout the world what we were doing:—

Editor Saints Herald,
Lamoni, Iowa.

Bishop Evans commenced his ninth season in Princess Theatre to-night, house packed, hundreds turned away. Excellent sermon, splendid attention, Prospects never better. Sixty-one in choir, eight in orchestra, thirty nine ushers. Questions answered by Bishop captivated the audience.

A. F. McLean.

Sunday, Nov. 16th, 1913.

Toronto's 10th season off to a brilliant start.

Most auspicious opening yet experienced, crowds poured in to-night until house is packed, ground floor, gallery, gods, stage and wings overwhelmed with listeners. Bishop Evans rises to the occasion now speaking in splendid form, choir vacating seats to accommodate strangers.

Press Committee.

KIRTLAND REUNION.

As a fitting farewell to the long years of labor performed together by Apostle John H. Lake and Bishop Evans, we clip the following from a letter published in one of the Church papers by Apostle R. C. Russell, this same Bro. Russell was the one who on April 13th, 1909, wrote the resignation of President R. C. Evans as counsellor to Joseph Smith, as dictated by Bro. Evans, this resignation was handed to President Smith the next morning, but he refused to entertain it and so Bro. Evans waited from April 13th 1909, to April 18th, 1909, when the Lord in the Revelation already cited Sect. 129 in Doctrine Covenants, granted him his release.

Jobs, Ohio, Sept. 27, 1912.

Dear Readers:—As the Kirtland Reunion is now a matter of history and I have failed to see a mention of it in the church papers I thought a few lines from some source relative to it might not be amiss.

As Kirtland is almost in one corner of the four districts represented by the reunion, we have as a committee almost come to the conclusion that a more central place next year will be sought. I have during my mission labors visited quite a number of good reunions but I make no mistake nor cast reflections on any of the past when I say that for spirituality this one exceeded any of the others. We were several times spoken to in the auricular manifestations of the Spirit and at no time was there rebuke offered but from what we could glean from the various gifts the Lord recognized in his people an honest endeavor to be humble and full of love. Personal reference was made to several in the gifts and they were instructed what to do and encouraged for what they had already accomplished. A Mr. Householder, the leader of a large choir in one of the popular churches of Pittsburg, Pa., who came to visit us for a couple of days last year, took

his vacation this summer so he could attend the entire reunion, and doing so he offered his services freely, which it is needless to say were gladly accepted and very much appreciated by all. The Lord recognizing his integrity spoke very encouraging words to him which would lead us to infer that he is like one of old very "near the kingdom." He testifies, that though he has often sung the hymn called "The Temple of God," yet he never in any other building felt the peculiar, pleasing sensation thrill his being that he has experienced while singing it in the Kirtland Temple.

The only specially invited guest from a distance was Bishop R. C. Evans, accompanied by Sister Evans. They enjoyed themselves quite like at home, though they were on foreign soil, and even R. C., who has in the past attended so many reunions in a great many parts of the world, was not backward in stating that it was the best he ever attended, speaking of the spiritual conditions. Many were made glad when they heard our venerable Patriarch, John H. Lake, speak in an unknown tongue to Bishop Evans and listened to the interpretation by Sister Hattie Griffiths in her dispassionate manner. The following were the words as given to me by one present:

"Verily, verily, thus said the Spirit, unto you, my servant Richard C. Evans, I have heard thy prayers and seen thy tears. Be thou of good cheer for I will be with thee in the future as I have been with thee in the past. Behold thou hast accomplished a great work in the past, and there is much more to be performed by thee in the future, in the building up of my kingdom. Thy brethren have criticised the work which I the Lord hath called thee to do, for behold thou hast been called to a peculiar work, yea, that which is not plain unto men, hence thou hast been misunderstood, but if thou shalt strive to perform the work which I, the Lord, will from time to time require at thy hands, thou shalt rejoice and be exceeding glad, for thou art called a son of God."

One of the most pathetic scenes, and one which caused

tears to well up in the eyes of many, was at the afternoon service at which Bishop Evans was the speaker and his "Father in the gospel," Patriarch Lake, had charge. At the close of the speaker's discourse Brother Lake took R. C. by the hand calling him "My boy Richard" and said, about as follows: "I realize that, by the inevitable course of nature, this may be the last time I will have the privilege of having charge of a service of which my boy Richard will be the speaker, and I want to say in the presence of this congregation, the holy angels and the God of heaven, that, though slight differences may have arisen in the past in which we did not see just eye to eye, yet that all has been banished, and thank God we are as good friends as ever before and the evil power that sought to divide us has been thwarted in his designs." He then drew Richard to his bosom and they affectionately kissed each other.

R. C. Russell.

GREAT SUCCESS.

The Great Camp Meeting at Low Banks.

Dunville Chronicle, July 14, 1917.

The meetings continue to be well attended. Bishop Evans spoke to large crowds both afternoon and evening on Sunday last.

Friday morning the following address was read to Bishop Evans:

Lowbanks, July 10th, 1914.

To our Beloved Bishop and Reunion President,

Greeting:

We, the campers of 1914 Reunion are taking this opportunity of re-assuring you of our high esteem for you,

and our great appreciation of all you have done for us, and for the work we all love so dearly, throughout our fair Dominion.

We realize that it has been largely through your unstinted and increasing labors that the Great Latter Day work has been spread abroad in the land of the maple leaf, and has attained the heights of success all the world is recognizing to-day.

The majority of us here first heard the gospel message—given with no uncertain sound—in the golden tones of the Church's orator, and since we have obeyed the gospel commands we have often been encouraged and strengthened through your counsel and sympathy.

So we desire while here at this Reunion to show our loyalty to you and the church and Canada.

The poet has said, "To God, thy country and thy friend be true," and we have chosen these pennants to proclaim we are, and ever wish to be true to our church, our Canada, and our R. C. The letters "C. C. and R. C." stand for that, and the colors signify truth and purity.

We are proud to wave these pennants in your honor and to place them on our tents, and when we go home they will be to us souvenirs of most blessed and happy experiences of the Reunion which you have labored and sacrificed for, to make it so enjoyable and beneficial to your children in the gospel, also such a great success and means of spreading the work in this part of our country.

Our Bishop, our brother, and our friend, we trust that you will ever remember that the love and true friendship of the campers have called forth this expression of appreciation and that you will kindly look upon the manner in which it has been given, for words are feeble things to convey the heart throbbings and highest and purest thoughts which are entertained by all for you.

May the giver of all good prolong your life until you

have accomplished all that He has so efficiently fitted and qualified you for, and leave you with the true Canadians who love and take great pride in you.

Signed on behalf of the campers,

FLORALICE MILLER,
C. H. DUDLEY.

While Mrs. Miller read the address several of the campers held up the blue and white pennants, then Mrs. W. S. Faulds sang the verses composed by Mrs. Washington for the occasion, to the tune of "The Maple Leaf Forever." The Bishop said he was completely surprised and was deeply touched by the expression of love and appreciation, and said in part, "First of all, my allegiance is to the church, next to Canada, for I am a Latter Day Saint, a Canadian, and I will ever be your R. C."

A TRIBUTE TO BISHOP R. C. EVANS.

(Tune The Maple Leaf Forever.)

The gospel message is restored unto us in Latter Days,
We hail its glory and rejoice and sing aloud its praise,
Through storm and shine the chosen few
Have braved the world's displeasure;
We'll rally round our standard true,
God's chosen saints forever.

CHORUS:—

The church restored in Latter Days
Our country's fame increasing;
Our Bishop dear, beloved by all
God's chosen saints forever.

The gospel message has been spread over our Canadian home
We love our country's fame and strength and glory in its
name.

Our fair Dominion God will shield,
His angels guard His mission;
We'll rally 'round our standard true,
God's chosen saints forever.

A true Canadian God has called
To proclaim His gospel here,
His fame has spread throughout the world,
His name has comfort given;
His cheer and counsel and advice
Has raised the weak and fallen;
We'll rally 'round our standard true,
God's chosen son forever.

Apostle F. J. Curtis, of Lamoni, Ia., arrived on Monday, preached twice on Tuesday, and will be the speaker on Sunday morning. Bishop Evans, as previously announced, will speak at 3.00 and 7.30 p.m. Sunday.

The speakers on Monday were Elders F. Gray and D. Pycock.

FLORALICE MILLER.

Sept. 17th, 1914.

Dear Brother and Sister Evans:—

To-night we have assembled on the old camp ground, we are before you in review. For over a decade, under your generalship, we have struggled in the battle of life, each year as it rolls over us, deepens our affections for you; and as a token we ask you to accept this gift which affords an opportunity to assure you of our determination to support you in your untiring efforts to advance the Gospel, which is the cementing force that binds this great association together. We hope you may be spared to us for many more years, and may God grant you lead this people in solid phalanx in the Great Review before the King of Kings.

Signed on behalf of your Brothers, sisters and friends.
"The Committee."

A TIMELY AND PLEASANT VISIT.

Herald Aug. 23rd, 1911, from President Joseph Smith, re reception of Bishop Evans.

By invitation of the Cameron, Missouri, Chautauqua officers, Bishop R. C. Evans, on the 5th of August, delivered his justly celebrated lecture sermon, "Jesus, From the Cradle to the Grave." We are told that the weather was fine, the audience was large, and the bishop's lecture was well received, attentively listened to, and commented on favorably. At the close of the sermon he was given a reception lasting something like an hour, in which he was introduced to many of the celebrities attending the Chautauqua, including Governor Hanley of Indiana.

This lecture was delivered on Saturday, and on Sunday Bishop Evans preached twice at the Saints' chapel at Cameron, and by invitation went to Saint Joseph on Sunday afternoon. He spent an evening and a night with the Saints there, and on Monday, the 6th, came to us at our home at Independence, reaching us about noon. He spent the rest of the day with us, and on Tuesday visited a number of the Saints at Independence, taking lunch with the family of Pres. F. M. Smith, and dinner with Sunday school superintendent, D. J. Krahle, and family. He left us on Wednesday morning, about noon, feeling well, was to visit two or three parties in Kansas City, to be present at their prayer service, and thence on to the reunion at Chatham, then on to Toronto.

The editor-in-chief feels much pleased that he was granted the opportunity of greeting this indefatigable servant of the Master, and spending a few hours with him. He presented to us the same sunny temperament and loving interest in the work and his brethren, that has been so long an attractive feature of his intercourse with the Saints.

We notice that he has been taking on flesh, and we can not now greet him with the eastern salutation, "May your shadow never be less," without remembering that he is a Welshman, and is likely as age creeps on to become corpulent. He has the same sunny smile and pleasant laugh as of old. We believe his visit to Missouri has done good.

LETTER FROM JOSEPH SMITH.

Independence, Mo., Feb. 10th, 1911.

Elder R. C. Evans,
35 Huron St.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—

We read in the scriptures, "That the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," and also, "That the angels of God camp round about the camp of the Saints." These are pleasant thoughts for you and for me, as we see confusion abroad and detraction and confusion at home in places.

I am much pleased with your letter of the 7th inst., for it shows the good side of "Dear old Dick", and my heart was made especially glad to note the conclusion which seems to be growing upon you; that it is no use to worry and lose sleep over what those may think they have reason to oppose or hurt you, can or will be permitted to do. The Lord will not suffer any wrong to triumph against us, so long as we keep close to Him in thought and word and deed. Yes, dear Richard, let the calumniators talk if they will. Let the envious, if there be any, vent their spleen; but let it pass. It will go from the presence of the true spirit of meekness, humility, and confidence in God, like the mid-

night vapor and the fog before the genial rays of the morning sun, the great purifier.

I feel in my heart to thank God, that you are seeing this situation in the calmer and growing light of maturer years and thought. It will save you hours of trouble and give you better rest and sleep, after your day's work is done and you lie down to rest, thankful that the night is not peopled with shadows to distract and annoy you.

I hasten to reply to this letter which comes to me from your old self, genial and happy, with a head full of good thoughts and a heart full of tender emotions, even for those who may be erring and wrong. I am thankful, too, that the sounding blows you have for so long and so often, and in so many places been striking upon the citadels of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, including sectarian proscription, are falling with such resounding effect upon places where you have not been able to reach hitherto. For the work's sake, I could wish that there were a hundred R. C. Evans, doing equally good work in a hundred places, all at the same time. This makes me thankful that there is one anyway.

Dear Richard, I am practically shut in. I will never see your dear old face again this side of the better land, though I may have the pleasure of meeting you many times ere I go hence. I do not say this with the idea that I am doubtful of meeting you again, but simply that my sight is gone. People say that my eyes are bright, but the power of my vision is gone. But I am not complaining nor repining. Life has been good to me, and a portion of the great strength which sustains men beyond the three score years and ten has been mine.

I write this while waiting, like you, a reply to my last, to let you see the good side of me also. Love to all.

Yours, dear old Dick, as ever,

Joseph Smith.

SACRED MEMORIES OF THE LAST DAYS OF JOSEPH SMITH.

A clipping from one of his last letters to me, and part of my reply to it.

"Dear Richard:—I shall not attempt to apologize for the poor pitiful reception and vi it I was able to afford you when you were here, I leave it for your comprehension, and that you fully have. I am very, very thankful that you came to see me, though you saw me in rather a bad condition. I was pleased to find that there was really a good big lump of the old time R. C. left, shining out in good perspective. Really brother Richard I have been searching in my mind for some little time to try if I might discover some one of my acquaintance, from first to last, who has been in the testing crucible, under more perplexing and trying conditions than you have been. I use this expression making an allowance of course for my knowledge of your temperament, your peculiarities: and I am more than pleased and gratified as far as I now see with the outcome." I just drop this today without any intention of murdering you with a long sermon; only just to express my pleasure that you called on me. I think I received benefit from the administration of yourself and Brother Garrett, and Monday night that you came.

Your Brother in Bonds, Always,

Joseph Smith.

Herewith I submit a part of my reply to the above:—

"Dear Brother Joseph:—

Your letter containing the good news that you were some better, and able to do some work, and that God had

answered the prayers offered in your behalf, granting you some help—I would sooner know that you were better than to hear any other thing on earth, and if "OUR FATHER" will look over the bottles in his prayer cellar, and make up his mind to uncork those bottles and pour the blessings requested upon your head, you will be all right by the time this reaches you, Rev. 5,8.: There is no need for you to apologize for the reception tendered me at your home, I have always had the best you had to give and you gave me the best you had this time and it gave you pain to speak to me and I thought it was selfish on my part to have you suffer as you did just to gratify me in hearing your voice. I would have said much more if you were in condition to hear and reply, but I will long remember what you did say and cherish the words that were born in agony. Your paragraph in which you refer to me having been in the testing crucible, presents me with a compliment that is at once encouraging and strength-giving. I wish I was altogether out of the burning flame, but it is still hot in some quarters, but if it burns out all the dross and prepares me for the future and ever present work, I shall be satisfied, I believe that my enemies cannot put me down too deep for God to see me, and when He wants to use me, I will pop up to the astonishment of those that sought diligently to destroy me; there have been times when I was angry at them, but of late, I feel sorry for them, for if it be true "That God shall bring every man's work into judgment," and reveal upon the housetop that which is done in secret, I should have naught but pity for the poor fellows that will cry for the rocks to hide them from the presence of the King upon His throne.

Write me whenever you have time, and when no one is there to talk to you and you are lonely just talk to me, your letters will never be too long, I would sooner receive a scolding from you than praise from most any other quarter.

Love me and the world is mine,

Sincerely,

Dick.

In parting with this venerable Saint I may be pardoned in saying that I traveled with him in many parts of Canada and the United States, as also England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, it was his custom after we had said our prayers and finished our little talk after retiring to bed, to kiss me good night, I have no recollection that he ever went to sleep in my presence, without kissing me good-night.

It is a well known fact and frequent comment has been made upon it throughout the church, that Joseph loved and trusted me, but ah, the price I have paid for the loving affection conferred upon me, God alone knows, but amid all the gloom of earth life I consider it as the highest honor ever conferred upon me to obtain and retain to the day of his death this great man's confidence and affection, and I willingly pay the price that it cost me.

When his last hours were approaching and I was far away in Canada, he made request to see me, his wife at once wired me and I hastened to the chamber of pain with flying steps, fearing I would not reach there he left a loving message for me and with it said "give R. C. my gold spectacles, they're the last thing I ever saw," but God spared him and I was permitted to receive his dying blessing which is more precious to me than anything I possess. My Theatre meetings compelled me to leave him. His farewell words and last kiss are the sweetest, saddest memories of my life.

Perhaps at this juncture it may be opportune to insert a poem sent as an expression of heart throbs from E. M. Compton, St. Thomas, Ont., to me in one of the many sad hours that I had been called upon to endure.

You have no enemies, you say?
Alas! my friend, the boast is poor;
He who has mingled in the fray
Of duty that the brave endure
Must have made foes. If you have none,
Small is the work which you have done;
You've hit no traitor on the hip,
You've dashed no cup from perjured lip.

You've never turned the wrong to right,
You've been a coward in the fight."

I take some comfort from the fact that my long and busy ministry from 1882 till the present acting as priest of the branch, presiding Elder of the Branch, Bishop's Agent of the District, Vice President of the District, President of the District, again as a missionary, in the first quorum of Seventies, then as an Apostle, in charge of the Canada Mission, and then as one of the First Presidency of the Church and Counsellor to the Prophet, and lastly as Bishop of Canada, has compelled me in the interest of truth, virtue, and all the rest of the law of God, to frequently combat error and expose the guilty, thus calling down upon me their anathemas, yet I am glad that God looking over those busy years could say through the Prophet to the Church as published in the Revelation found in Doctrine Covenants, Section 129, "He has been earnest and faithful in service, and his reward is sure". This priceless gem of the Lord's approbation will cheer me, the rest of my journey to the edge of the grave, and I shall try to remember that a man is not only known by the company he keeps, but by the enemies he makes.

At the General Conference held at Lamoni, Iowa, in April, 1909, a revelation was given to the church through the prophet, Pres. Joseph Smith, from which the following is quoted:

The voice of the spirit to me is "Under conditions which have occurred it is no longer wise that my servant R. C. Evans be continued as counselor in the Presidency; therefore it is expedient that he be released from this responsibility and another be chosen to the office. He has been earnest and faithful in service and his reward is sure."

The revelation was adopted by the assembly and Bro. Evans was released from the Presidency. At the closing

session of the conference Pres. Joseph Smith recommended that R. C. Evans be ordained to the office of bishop, the recommendation was unanimously adopted by the conference, and the brother was so ordained. At this time he made the following statement.

Elder R. C. Evans.—Mr. President, This is the first time that I have spoken during this conference, and I ask you indulgence for a moment or two. When I was called to occupy the position in the First Presidency, I soon after purchased property in Independence with a view of moving there and locating, and had pretty nearly all arrangements made, plans and specifications for the erection of a house. I asked for counsel. Soon after that, however, to my great surprise, I was visited by a personage who presented me with a wreath made of maple leaves. In the center of the wreath was a little white flower about the size of a dime, that followed right around in the center of the leaves, and then across the wreath was the word 'Canada' in the same flower.

When I could compose myself in the presence of the messenger, I asked what it meant and among other things the statement was made:

"You have purchased property in Independence, Missouri."

"I have."

"You purpose locating there?"

"I do."

I was informed that it was the will of the Lord for me to remain in Canada, without giving you the full text of the presentiment. I thought it over, I conferred with others and the interpretation seemed to be at that time that it meant just for two or three years, until some one was raised up to take my place there. But I went on under the instruction of the Presidency, and my work seemed to increase in Canada, often preaching to thousands of people.

and sometimes thousands turned away unable to gain admission into the largest opera house in the Dominion. My work as a Bishop's agent continued to increase, and finally there was presented to me this work, as stated by the Bishop; (The Presiding Bishop, had related a Vision, in which he save President R. C. Evans, acting as Bishop of the church.—R.C.) it need not be referred to more by me. Through that time I have gone steadily onward, and last year, February 14th, I received a commandment, while walking on the street in the midst of a howling snow-storm, saying, Go in and purchase this property. I walked about twenty-five feet, and again the voice repeated, Go in and purchase this property. This was in the City of Toronto. To make the story short, I purchased the property, in the language of another, "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood," but went to work, built a home, and moved to Toronto. From that time I have tried to do my work, but my interest in my Presidential work seemed to wane. I felt that I was not in my place. During this convention, a number of days the Presidency have requested me to preside over the sessions, and you know that this is the first time that I have spoken, only just opening the meetings. I felt that I could not do it. My association in the Presidency, and with my brethren of the Presidency has been all that I could desire. I admit that, while I was glad, very glad to be released, in fact I would have tendered my resignation two years ago but I was afraid to do it. And so I have retained it until the Lord in his mercy and wisdom has released me.

I am perfectly satisfied to occupy in the position of a bishop, and shall do all that I can for the work that I love dearer than life.

Lamoni, Iowa, April 21, 1909.

ORDINATION OF ELDER R. C. EVANS

To Office of Bishop,

By

Joseph Smith and W. H. Kelley.

Lamoni, Ia., April 21, 1909.

Brother Richard, on behalf of the church, as those appointed and sustained to attend to this calling and ordination, we lay our hands upon you to confirm the blessing of a high priest upon you, which you have already received by virtue of your ordination to the apostolate, and set you apart to act in the office of bishop under the law of the Lord. And in doing this we grant unto you all the privileges and powers that may be conferred by the voice of the church, and pray that in your administration you may receive, through the loving kindness of God, instructions, and be given such wisdom as will enable you to act in this office with propriety, with dignity, and with accuracy in all that pertains to it, that difficulty may be avoided, misunderstanding may not occur, that you may so administer in the office of bishop as to commend yourself not only to the presiding Bishopric but to the church itself, that you may be endowed with the insight to make a proper selection of those from among the elders who shall be accounted to stand with you as counselors. And may you so live and so work that the Spirit of the Master, which has so been with you to give you success in ministerial work, and in this work continue with you until it is said, Enough. Well done thou good and faithful servant. Thus we lay our hands upon you, and thus empower you to act in this office, by the voice of the people and the call of God, in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CERTIFICATE OF APPOINTMENT OF BISHOP
R. C. EVANS.

To whom these presents may come:

This is to certify that Bishop R. C. Evans of Toronto, Canada, has been placed in immediate charge of financial work in the Districts of Chatham, London and Toronto, Ontario, and also in the Districts of Saskatchewan and Winnipeg, Northwest Territory.

This will authorize said Bishop Evans to appoint agents in these respective districts and to look after and care for and collect church funds for said district, reporting the same annually, or from time to time as may be found expedient, to the Presiding Bishop of the said Reorganized Church, also to look after and care for any church property in said Dominion of Canada, not otherwise under some special agent, care for and hold the same for interest and use of the said Reorganized church, commending him to the saints and friends and the Lord to direct and bless him in his work, I am, in behalf of the presiding Bishopric of said church,

E. L. Kelley,
Presiding Bishop,

Independence Mo., May 12th, 1909

Herald May 12th, 1909.

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ORDAINED BY AN ANGEL.

Bishop Evans was appointed in charge of the financial department of the church work in Canada and immediately entered into the work with all his powers. Thus another chapter in the life work of one of Christ's ministry is made and recorded.

Bishop Evans ordained under the hands of an Angel

I was ordained in April of 1909 to the office of Bishop under the hands of President Joseph Smith and Apostle W. H. Kelley. I took train the same evening for Canada. President Smith came to see me at the station, he asked me the following question, "Richard my boy, did you see the angel which placed his hands upon you while we were ordaining you?" I answered "No sir," he said "Well, thank God you have again been acknowledged by the Lord in no uncertain way, this should support you no matter what trials you may be called upon to endure in your future life work. Hale will give you the full particulars of your ordination under the hand of the angel." He kissed me good bye as I stepped upon the train. Herewith I submit copy of the letter written to me a few days later by the Prophet's son Hale W. Smith:—

Independence, Mo. April 22, 1909.

Bishop R. C. Evans,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear brother:—

I have heard many, many, many times in my life of different Saints seeing and talking with Angels, but as far as myself is concerned I have never seen Angels to my knowledge until on the Morning or rather in the Forenoon

of April 21, 1909. I was sitting about 15 feet from the Rostrum, in the church at Lamoni, while President Joseph Smith and William H. Kelley was ordaining you to the office of Bishop. President Joseph Smith acting as Spokesman.

The Ordination had proceeded about two minutes when a personage seemed to come through the North West corner of the Ceiling. I was surprised to say the least for I expected to see that I was dreaming. I rubbed my eyes to see if I was really in a trance or not, but when I looked again I saw the same Personage descending toward where you, Father and William H. Kelley were. The Personage descended until near the floor of the Rostrum when he extended his hands and placed his left hand above Father's and Bro. Kelley's and his right hand slid in under father's and Bro. Kelley's.

The personage seemed to be in a reclining position and not touching the floor. He remained until Father said, Amen, when he vanished. I was nearly overcome for the Personage was so White and so bright.

This was a witness to me of your call to the Bishopric.

May God bless you in your work for the Master and may He give you sufficient Grace for your day.

Your brother in the one Gospel,

Hale W. Smith,

Bishop Evans's resignation as Bishop of Ontario and Quebec, leaving him under the appointment made below, Bishop of Toronto District. This resignation was tendered largely to give him more time for Toronto.

BISHOP'S NOTICE.

To the Saints of Toronto, Chatham, London, and Owen Sound Districts: Greetings:—

Request of Bishop R. C. Evans to be relieved as Bishop of the oversight of the territory comprised within the boundaries of the Chatham, London, and Owen Sound Districts has been granted by the First Presidency and Presiding Bishopric. He will, however, continue to act as Bishop of the Toronto District.

The following named brethren, heretofore acting as agents of and reporting to Bishop Evans, have been selected by the Presiding Bishop, viz: J. H. Tyrell as agent for Chatham District, J. L. Burger as agent for London District, Jas. L. Morrison as agent for Owen Sound District. From June 1st, 1917, these brethren will report direct to the Presiding Bishop. These brethren have been faithful and zealous in the performance of duty, and are commended to, and should receive the support of all the Saints in their respective field of labor.

Respectfully,

F. M. Smith, President.

B. R. McGuire, Presiding Bishop.

Toronto, Christmas, 1905.

Pres. R. C. Evans.

Dear Brother:—

The memory of God's gift to man is present with us, creating in our souls joy and gladness, which must find an outlet in our giving cheer and comfort to others. Rejoicing in the gift of redemption, our natures are drawn out to our

fellow man; and your high position in the Presidency of Christ's Church on earth, your noble struggle in humble conditions, your forsaking of worldly pleasures and popularity for Christ's cross, and your mighty and unequalled effort for our beloved church, the fruits of which shall greatly benefit us, centres our love in you for the moment, while we offer you this assurance of our love, respect and feeling of common brotherhood, which we hope will cheer your spirit, we also attach hereto, that which is intended to brighten temporal affairs.

Our prayer for you is:—The confidence of your God, His guidance, your continuance in Divine favor and may we, too, follow the rod of iron, until in the radiance and brilliancy of the presence of the sacrificed one, we meet; and with the redeemed join in a touching recall of the first great Xmas day, by using the old but unworn salute, "Merry Christmas."

Toronto Saints.

TORONTO YOUNG PEOPLE.

Toronto, Sept. 1st, 1910.

Dear Brother Evans:—

The young people of the church desire to take this opportunity to express their appreciation of your interest and co-operation in their work and welfare for the life that now is and will be hereafter. We have often heard you say that your most valued reward and deepest source of encouragement were the assurance of having been a blessing to humanity and having power to scatter sunshine upon lives that were otherwise dark and cold. For this reason perhaps it is superfluous here to remind you that you have

done us good, the evidences of it are everywhere apparent to all, however, our gratitude prompts us to the expression of it and we trust that the encomium, though poor, may prove words fitly spoken which as King Solomon said, are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

To enumerate the many ways which you have helped us young people is too long a story to tell here, suffice it to say that your influence has been felt in every auxiliary of the church. In our educational work you have been there to teach and advise; in our devotions to counsel and lead us; and in our amusements to make us laugh, and thus in all things you have been the solar centre of our success.

We trust you may long be spared to assist us in our work and play. May time lay its unwelcome hand upon you graciously; and as the years come in and the sands run out may there be added to your crown of blessings jewels richer than before and to your pathway light growing brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

Given on behalf of the young people of Toronto Branch.

HUMBER BAY BRANCH.

Christmas, 1914.

To Bishop R. C. Evans,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Brother and Co-laborer:—

As a slight token of the friendship and love we trust each member of our school has for you, we wish to present this cane and ask you to accept it not merely for its intrinsic value which would be as nothing, for we believe that the worth of your unselfish labors cannot be measured by material things, but we trust that in years to come, should

it be necessary because of your physical strength failing, to lean upon this piece of wood for support, may you always have the friendship and true love of the donors as a source of strength and comfort.

On behalf of Humber Bay Sunday School.

E. Rowett, Supt.

E. Whitworth, Asst. Supt.

THE BISHOP'S TORONTO WORK.

Toronto, Aug. 28th, 1915.

Bishop R. C. Evans,

Dear Brother:—

We, the committee appointed by the Toronto Branch, tender you this paper at this the beginning of your 12th season of labor amongst us, as an evidence of the trust and confidence we have in you. During the past eleven seasons we have found you to be a true servant of God and a brother in whom we could place confidence and trust.

The work has grown in Toronto under your able generalship, by leaps and bounds, until to-day we have an enrollment of over eleven hundred, many of whom are scattered over this Dominion and the United States, occupying in various offices in the church. It is indeed true, that you have had to encounter great opposition both outside and inside the church; but because of your many sterling qualities, your true manhood and your faithful adherence to the work that God called you to perform in Toronto. God has stood by you, when at times assistance from a human standpoint was impossible, yet every promise He

has made to you has been fulfilled, and the follies of your enemies has been made manifest.

We rejoice with you tonight, in that we have lived to see the work grow from a very small beginning until during the past winters one of the largest Theatres in Toronto has not been able to contain the vast concourse of people that would attend your preaching of the Restored Gospel in this fair city of ours, nor has this great crowd been confined to the poor and uneducated. The rich and the poor, with the college professor and the unlearned have listened to you with wrapt attention. So great and honorable has the name Latter Day Saint become in Toronto, that one of the leading preachers was led to exclaim, "We have got to take our hats off to Bishop Evans, he holds the preachers of this city in the hollow of his hand."

During your work here over four millions of your printed sermons have been distributed in Toronto and gone from here over the world, while numbers of your large book of sermons have been sent to every part of this Dominion, every state in the Union, and every Country in Europe.

We the committee voice the sentiment of your brothers and sisters in Toronto, who love the Gospel in praying that you be long spared to remain with us, a true servant of God and our faithful teacher,

Jas. Wilson.

J. T. Whitehead,

A. F. McLean. Committee.

Toronto, Ontario.

Copy of Resolution passed by the Toronto Branch, March 29th, 1915, concerning Bishop R. C., Evans & Sr. Evans.

"At the close of this 11th season of your theatre services we, the members of the Toronto Branch, wish to express our appreciation of your splendid work in our midst. By your devotion to God's work you have added practically 1,000 to our Branch record, built and paid for this valuable property, preached the Gospel to many thousands, and millions of your sermons have gone the world over. Therefore we wish you a pleasant trip to Conference and assure you of our united prayers while absent from us and on your return we promise you our best and undivided support in carrying on your great work should God in His wisdom return you to the Toronto Saints.

Signed on their behalf,

A. F. McLean, Branch President,
J. T. Whitehead, Branch Priest.

A testimonial of the Toronto Branch President as to the work of Bro. Evans in Toronto through the years.

48 Fern Ave., Toronto, Dec. 25th, 1916.

Dear Brother Evans:

I feel unable to fully express myself in reply to your Xmas greetings. They are highly prized by me, and give me a great deal of satisfaction to have your assurance, that I have been of some assistance to you in your great work in Toronto. It has been my object in life to render you what help I could in the great mission assigned you by God; and I am glad to know I have succeeded to some extent.

The past thirteen years have been filled: many happy, some dark, but through the sunshine and the clouds I am thankful that my mind has never been darkened to the fact that God has chosen you as his instrument to carry out His purposes to this great city. My own judgment and

power of reasoning has enabled me to see that you have been chosen and sustained by God in the performance of the wonderful work carried on in Toronto. Facts and figures are overwhelming in support of this. In addition to this, God, by His spirit, has given me this same testimony; and so I hope that should I ever become a cast away, I, like David Whitmer, may never deny this testimony.

I am in this Latter Day work for my soul's salvation; and my desire is to always work in the best interest of it; and when I line up on the side of what I believe to be right, you are always there; therefore it has been easy for me to support you. It has been a pleasure. You have always treated me fairly, kindly and with a good deal of consideration. My support has been weak at times, not because of desire but because of my own weakness. God, speaking through Sr. Ada Hamilton, told me, He "was well pleased with me," and the thing that pleased Him was my support of you, so I hope to continue to please my Heavenly Father by assisting His servant to carry out His work. In helping you I have helped myself. Your great work in Toronto has afforded me an opportunity to develop which could never have come to me in any other way, an opportunity which has fallen to the lot of very few men. I am thankful for it.

Wishing yourself and Sr. Evans the compliments of the season; and hoping that we may enjoy many more years together engaged in our Father's business, I am

Your brother,

A. F. McLean.

Speech delivered by Bishop R. C. Evans, to the Toronto Branch on the eve of his departure for General Conference, April 2nd, 1917, in reply to addresses delivered to him by the Branch School and Religio during a farewell concert.

My Darling Toronto:—

Sweet memories of the dear dead years loom up before my vision upon this auspicious occasion—Visions of joy and sadness, I found you hungry and fed you, thirsty and gave you drink, in dire distress, and rendered you the assistance that God enabled me to impart, I organized you into a little branch, struggled with you in the days of your poverty and numerical weakness, and endured the hate of the world, the opposition of the Clergy, and the mistakes and follies of the over zealous and ambitious. Your foes from within and without I have helped to vanquish, and as a result of our combined efforts you stand first in all the world as a message bearing branch. By your zeal, energy and sacrifice, you have enabled me to send to the world more than five million of my printed sermons. Almost every civilized nation under the sun, have the gospel story told them as the fruitage of your unfeigned love. Those baptized in this City, are now to be found working for the Lord in many parts of the earth, and more have been baptized in this branch than in any other in the same time in all the world. Starting with ten members, you have grown to be the marvel of the church.

I have given you the best product of my heart and brain. The love I bear you cannot be described in words. The works I have performed must be the monument erected to the efforts made.

When I think of your old men and women, fair maidens and young men who have distributed sermons through the blasts of winter as well as the pleasant zephyrs of summer; when I think of the boys who have faced the blizzards and frost to post bills announcing my lectures, when I think of what most all of you have performed to make possible the success I have accomplished in my church work, I can only say, please accept the silent throbbings of a grateful heart, for all those efforts.

I leave you tomorrow, it may be for a few weeks, it

may be forever; for I have long known that both my life and reputation is in constant danger, God alone knows what I have already suffered, I confess that I go against my better judgment, but the voice of authority calls me and I obey, I go to attend the councils of the Bishops of the church and to take part in the general deliberations of the general conference, but chiefly to answer the call that has been made for me to preach in the theatre every night and three times each Sunday during the conference.

There are those both at home and abroad propelled by envy and unholy ambition who seek my overthrow, Peter like, they draw their sword to defend me; but when the night of temptation comes they deny me, but I await the dawning when the cock will crow, and they will weep bitterly, Judas was the apostle and Bishop of the little church, but when the darkness of unholy ambition settled down upon him, Satan entered into him, and he betrayed the heart that loved him, and I have learned that the servant is not above his Lord.

I depart from you, loved as it falls to the lot of few men in life to be loved, yet hated by a few misguided and ambitious persons, I am honored and despised; I willingly bear the sorrows occasioned by the hatred, because of the unspeakable joy that fills my soul by reason of the love bestowed upon me. Should I be permitted to return to you, this shall be my greatest joy, If death or other causes prevent my coming, I shall be disconsolate till the night is o'er and the eternal day shall dawn.

I have a conscience void of offence toward God and man; I give you my parting benediction, and humbly ask ask you remember me before the family altar, and believe me to be most sincerely and devotedly your Brother and fellow laborer in the gospel of Christ

R. C. Evans.

FIFTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

Addressed read by Sr. Mollie Dodd, from the Toronto Branch.

Oct. 23rd, 1917.

Address read by Sr. Mollie Dodd, from the Toronto branch.

Dear Bishop:—

We, the Saints and friends of the Toronto branch, take this opportunity of showing our appreciation of the work done by you and your partner in life in the spreading of the gospel and the gathering out of the honest in heart of this city. Through your untiring efforts we as a people have been raised to a higher standard of moral ethics, to a more intelligent conception of the God of the bible, and to a clearer understanding of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man.

On this the fifty-sixth milestone of your journey through life, we cannot help but admire the youthful gladsomeness which your clean living and right thinking exercises over your physical body.

We think with pride of that wonderful mind educated on the altar of humility of that grand executive ability propelled by that great motive power of the universe-love, and yet is it not as it should be? For you had no need that man should teach you, having that unction from above.

Your path through life has not been a bed of roses, for many times enemies and ill-advised friends have placed barriers in your way but they only served as a dam to a mighty river, checking its progress for a season, only to

have it rise above, pass over and on to the mighty deep. So may your life be. May you rise above all obstacles and press on towards the mark of your high calling which rests in Christ Jesus, that eventually when you stand in the presence of your Creator, redeemed, you may look into his face and say, "Father, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

Toronto, June 10th, 1917.

Dear Brother and Sister Evans —

The members of Toronto Branch, your brothers and sisters in the bonds of Christ, desire to congratulate you upon this the thirty-sixth anniversary of your Wedding Day. Someone has said that marriages are made in Heaven, and judging from your own experience as you have frequently expressed yourself regarding it, you stand ready, we believe, to endorse the statement.

Shipwrecks upon the sea of matrimony are common spectacles and an ever increasing number of persons continue to assert that marriage is a failure. Fortunate indeed, therefore, are they, who in this age of divorce and the decadence of the home life, have found in Hymen's bonds the dawn of bliss—whose union has been blessed because their lives have blended.

But you have not only been a blessing to each other, and your family, but to many more beside. Soon after your marriage you both proved your unselfishness by sacrificing the joys and comforts that you would have enjoyed had Bro. Evans not gone into the mission field. Those years of loneliness and deprivation must have been made endurable only by the conviction that they were being given to the services of God, and humanity, and with the sure hope of an Eternal reward. Your coming to live in

Toronto doubtless marked the beginning of a new epoch in your lives, in that by your permanent association it made home seem more of a reality than before, and surely it has meant much to Toronto Branch; for since then you have been free to consummate the work so well begun and established in our midst.

We trust and pray that it is the will of God for you to remain here, that we may long enjoy the pleasure and derive the benefits of your association and labors.

In conclusion, we would ask you to accept these tokens of our love and esteem. The memory of our associations and the blessings that have flowed from them will doubtless endure forever. So may it be and as you go down the years together, may you have a pleasant voyage until you enter the Haven of Eternal Peace.

Given on behalf of the Toronto Branch.

Brother and Sister Evans,

Dear Brother:—

This being your fifty-sixth Birthday, the Branch has taken this opportunity of having you and Sister Evans meet with us, so that we might all become better acquainted with you both.

Knowing the great work you have done in our City, and the great sacrifices both you and Sister Evans have made, both for us and the Church in general, a few of us have taken it upon ourselves to present to Sister Evans, as a token of our love and appreciation for her, this mirror, and to you this purse and its contents, not for its intrinsic value, for we know that we can not pay you in dollars for the great work you have done for us, but we do feel that we can pay with kind words and kind deeds, and we want

to assure you that we all love and trust you, and hope that we may be able to live in such a way that when we are called upon to assist you in this great Latter Day Work, "The Upbuilding of God's Kingdom Upon the Earth," that we will be able to assist, but we know that we must all be humble and full of love in order to be able to assist in this Sacred Work.

From your Brothers and Sisters in Gospel Bonds.

The Toronto Branch,

Oct. 23rd, 1917.

June 11th, 1917.

Dear Brother and Sister Evans:—

On this the 36th anniversary of your Wedding Day, we, the people of the Toronto Branch, wish you many happy returns of the day, health, joy, prosperity, and that your lives may be spared to continue to labor with us during your sojourn on this sphere of God's creation.

We are glad tonight as we look back over the annals of history and find that after 36 years have passed away since your wedding, that R. C. is still following the same occupation of Winning Souls, not for himself, but for the Master of Men. We are thankful for the success you met with by tripping Lizzie and that it finally resulted in Matrimony, and that we have been blessed with your association together for many years, being the recipients of many blessings because of your diligence to service, and for this we feel deeply indebted, also for your past labors with us, the patience you have manifested in teaching us the Gospel of the Son of Man, and for the many, many sacrifices you have made, the hardships endured, the privations suffered in order that the truth might be spread broadcast throughout our land.

We recall to memory much of God's loving instruction to us through you and that how each command has been

verified to the letter, we believe your patriarchal blessing saying even that you are a Special Agent from the pre-existent courts above to mankind, and that you would be affected like unto Jesus, at the sufferings of others. We recognize that you have been called to do a peculiar work and also the fulfillment of the promise wherein God said that you should have the Gifts of the Gospel and Wisdom to use them aright, and that you should be given greater understanding of the Kingdom of God, than many of thy brethren. Again we repeat that we are thankful for what our ears have heard and our eyes have seen, for you have made very plain to us the Gospel and the way of Life, which has brought joy and gladness to each one of us. We esteem you as our father in the Gospel, and our leader in the Faith, indeed may we say that when we wanted to be baptized it was you we wanted to administer the ordinance, when sick we look for R. C. to administer, when in trouble we look for R. C.'s assistance, when we want to get married we look for R. C. to perform the ceremony, and so it is that you have won our confidence and admiration to such an extent we love you and yours. Nor do we fail to recognize the love you so fervently exhibit toward us as a people in that you have rejected princely gifts, set aside enticing offers which meant to you prominence and gold, turned aside the many demands and kindly offers from various parts of this continent for your services, which we realize would have meant to you and yours a pleasant time, and all that money could produce in the way of making you happy, but yet in view of all this you have chosen to give us your time, strength, ability and attention, which we appreciate more than our feeble words can define, but as the Master has said so we feel, "Greater love hath no man than he who will give his life for his friends."

May your life be filled with sunshine, and each day bring joys that are new, God bless you and preserve you forever until the dawning of that Perfect Day.

E. Barringham,
on behalf of Committee.

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The Evans Meetings.

April 25th, 1917.

Last week's Herald was practically closed up the 13th, so that it was not possible to put in all of the items. One feature of importance has been the meetings of Bishop R. C. Evans at the Coliseum. Those who know him will not be surprised to know that the Coliseum was filled at every service and many standing up, except on the 7th, when a heavy snow-storm kept nearly everyone indoors. But even then those in charge were surprised to find the building two thirds full.

These meetings of Bishop Evans' are apparently becoming one of the features of the General Conference. This necessitates his closing his special winter meetings in Toronto earlier than he otherwise would. We are informed that he baptized thirteen the day before he left Toronto, and twenty-six the last week before coming to conference. He has baptized a few here but not as many as no doubt would have resulted if the meetings had been continued for several weeks, though a number were interested. In fact many who would like to have heard him remained away simply to give opportunity to others who had not yet heard the gospel of Jesus Christ to conversion. Bishop Evans reaches many who are reached in no other way. And such was the effect of his meetings during conference.

We were surprised many times to notice the large number of old and even very old people who walked a half a mile or more of an evening to hear him. These meetings allowed an opportunity for nine thousand auditors in the fourteen meetings. This gave an opportunity for each one in Lamoni to hear him several times, and many took advantage of this opportunity.

An additional point of interest about these meetings is that the owners of the Coliseum let the church have the use of the basement and its service free for a dining hall and of the auditorium also without cost for the use during these special services of Bishop Evans. The only charge that was made is for light and heat actually used.

How the Canadians look upon Bishop Evans will be shown by the extract from "Jack Canuck" received during the conference.

THE EVANS-McKENZIE CONTROVERSY

[A letter from Brother H. A. Martin of Herschel, Saskatchewan, contains the following. We have a copy of the Evans booklet which is being widely circulated to meet McKenzie's attacks on our Faith.—Editors.]

We are pleased to note the following in "Jack Canuck" under date of March 31, 1917.:

"Isn't the Reverend J. A. McKenzie, of Pape Avenue Presbyterian Church, a pretty sick man since he started that unfortunate controversy between himself and Bishop R. C. Evans?

"If there is a spark of manliness or Christianity in the above named Presbyterian minister, won't he apologize to the Bishop?

"How long will it be before the Reverend J. A. McKenzie launches another attack on a God-fearing Christian of the type of Bishop Evans?

"Also commencing in the above named issue is a report of the controversy, under heading of "Reverend J. A. McKenzie starts something he can't finish."

DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF A BISHOP.

BY BISHOP R. C. EVANS.

What are the peculiar duties, responsibilities, and privileges of a bishop? These questions Bishop R. C. Evans, of Canada, takes up and answers in detail in the following brief but interesting article.—Editors.

"I write with the prayer that I may reflect some light by which some may see the way of the Lord more perfectly."

From my reading I have learned that "A bishop was a prelate consecrated for the spiritual government of a diocese. The word comes from the Saxon *bischof*, and that from the Greek *swiohowog*?—An overseer, or inspector." (See Buck's Theological Dictionary, art. Bishop, p. 66.)

The above seems to be supported by another justly celebrated writer: "Bishop. This word applied in the New Testament to the officers of the church who were charged with certain functions of superintendence. . . general superintendence over the spiritual well-being of the flock."—(Bible Dictionary, by Dr. William Smith, art. Bishop pp. 89, 90.)

The great historian Mosheim, speaking of the little church in the early part of its existence, says, "But the number of presbyters and deacons increasing with that of the churches, and the sacred work of the ministry growing more painful and weighty, by a number of additional duties, these new circumstances required new regulations. It was then judged necessary that one man of distinguished gravity and wisdom should preside in the council of presbyters, in order to distribute among his colleagues their several tasks, and to be a center of union to the whole society. This person was, at first, styled the angel of the church to which he belonged, Revelations 2, 3, but was afterwards distinguished by the name of bishop, or inspec-

tor; a name borrowed from the Greek language, and expressing the principal part of the episcopal function, which was to inspect into, and superintend the affairs of the church. It is highly probable that the church of Jerusalem, grown considerably numerous, and deprived of the ministry of the apostles, who were gone to instruct the other nations, was the first which chose a president or bishop. And it is no less probable that the other churches followed by degrees such a respectable example. . . . The power and jurisdiction of the bishops were not long confined to these narrow limits, but soon extended themselves, and that by the following means. The bishops who lived in the cities, had, either by their own ministry, or that of their presbyters, erected new churches in the neighboring towns and villages. These churches continuing under the inspection and ministry of the bishops, by whose labors and counsels they had been engaged to embrace the gospel, grew imperceptibly into ecclesiastical provinces, which the Greeks afterwards called dioceses. But as the bishop of the city could not extend his labors and inspection to all these churches in the country and in the villages, so he appointed certain suffragans or deputies to govern and to instruct these new societies, and they were distinguished by the title of "dhorepiscopi," i.e., country bishops. This order held the middle rank between bishops and presbyters, being inferior to the former and superior to the latter."—Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History vol. 1 chapter 2.

"Bishops, spiritual overseers that have the charge of souls to instruct and rule them by the word."—Cruden's Concordance, art. Bishop.

The position above quoted is in accord with many other authorities that we have read after on the subject, and seems to agree with the word of the Lord, as given both in former and latter times, from which we learn that a bishop is not only to receive tithing, offerings, surplus, consecration, and expend it in caring for the poor and needy, the missionaries and their families, building churches, holding church property in trust for the church, under what is some-

times called the law of temporalities, as some seem to think, but he was regarded as a leading authority, as a superintendent or inspector in branches and districts or dioceses, in spiritual matters as well as the temporal responsibilities.

He was a local authority, and not a missionary. While he might visit the branches in the various districts, yet his calling was not like the Twelve and Seventy, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

In the Doctrine and Covenants, which contains the word of the Lord to his people with regard to "the duties and responsibilities of a bishop," we learn the following: "Every . . . bishop . . . is to be ordained by the direction of a high council or general conference."—Doctrine and Covenants 17:17.

A bishop is to be ordained under the hands of the First Presidency. (See Doctrine and Covenants 68: 2; 104:8.) The bishopric is the presidency of the Aaronic priesthood, (Doctrine and Covenants 104:8.) A bishop must have two counselors, and the three are known as the bishopric. Their duties are numerous, and are set forth in section 104, and other parts of the Doctrine and Covenants.

A bishop is a "judge in Israel, to do the business of the church, to set in judgment upon transgressors . . . among the inhabitants of Zion, or in a stake of Zion, or in any branch of the church where he shall be set apart unto this ministry."—Doctrine and Covenants 104: 32, 33.

The bishop presides over the common council, and if the First Presidency of the church should fall into transgression, the bishop's council, assisted by twelve counselors of the high priesthood, shall try them, and their decision shall be final. (Doctrine and Covenants 104: 37.)

It is not only true that the bishop shall preside over the court that is to judge the First Presidency, if in transgression, but the law clearly states that "No bishop . . . shall

be tried or condemned for any crime, save it be before the First Presidency of the church." (Doctrine and Covenants 68: 3.)

A bishop's court has both original and appellate jurisdiction, and may in turn be appealed from, according to the law of the church. (Doctrine and Covenants 99: 1; 104: 35; Rules of Order, chapter 15, 172.)

A very important part of the work which a bishop is called upon to perform is that of administering to the needs of the poor. (Doctrine and Covenants 83: 23.)

Those wishing to locate in Zion are instructed to correspond with the bishop. (Doctrine and Covenants 123: 12.) And when it is wisdom for the people to gather to Zion, the bishop with the First Presidency is called upon to take an important part in locating the incoming Saints, in the dividing of their inheritances. (Doctrine and Covenants 48: 2.)

In conclusion, we opine that perhaps the most important part of a local bishop's work along monetary lines is to teach the Saints that God is the possessor of all that exists upon the earth, and that in his law he has made claim upon every human gainer and owner of substance, and that his demand is that one tenth belongs to him. This amount of your holdings should be rendered to him directly, as proprietor and ruler, in token of his original and fundamental ownership, and our allegiance, dependence, and stewardship. This tenth should be paid to God's selected representative, known in the church law as the bishop, or his counselors or agents. (Genesis, 14,18,20; Hebrews, 7: 1-9; Genesis 28: 22; Leviticus 27: 30-34; Deuteronomy 14: 22-28; 26: 12; Matthew 23: 33; Luke 18: 12.)

It is also made clear in the law of the Lord, that having paid their tithing, every person holding membership in the church should make an inventory to the bishop of the branch, district or stake where he resides. This means that he should file with the bishop a statement of his holdings,

or as it is called in the law, "laying all things before the bishop," who will give him a certificate, to be presented to the presiding bishop in Zion, should the person be called to go to Zion. For a more complete account of this law the reader is referred to Doctrine and Covenants 72: 3, 4; 42: 8, 9; 58: 7; Leviticus 27: 9-15, 16, 23.

Believing that I have taken the allotted space provided for this paper, I will close with the prayer that the other bishops may take up these and other parts of the "duties and responsibilities of a bishop," and that the special number of the Herald, will be blessed, in that the church will not only understand the law more perfectly, but be inspired to keep it, that love and unity may result in the redemption of Zion.

Written Sept. 10th, 1911.

Toronto, Ont.

The following article, was written by Bishop R. C. Evans, by request for publication in the Magazine number of the Saints Herald, April 6th, 1910, this being the 50th anniversary of the Presidency of Joseph Smith, over the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; this is inserted to give the reader an echo from the real heart throbs of Bishop Evans, for his life long friend:—

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Saturday morning, June 8, 1878, I left the city of London (Ontario) with a party of Saints en route to the Corinth conference. We changed cars at the city of Saint Thomas. Entering the car I beheld President Joseph Smith for the first time. The prophet was then but forty-five years of age. His hair was black; his eyes dark and pierc-

ing; his voice tender and friendly. His laugh was like a sweet melody. When I was introduced to him he grasped my hand in his big strong hand. Looking me straight in the eyes, he said, "Good morning, Brother Richard,—glad to meet you." Oh, that "Good morning" so kindly spoken, seemed to change the surroundings, and I was made to feel that I was in the presence of a true man.

Arriving at Corinth, the conference was organized with President Smith, W. H. Kelley, and Bishop Blakeslee in the limelight. Brother Joseph preached but once. I do not recall much of the sermon, but one thing impressed me then (and it has often been made apparent since), that he was a man of just principles. love animated his heart, sympathy for the weak and depressed was breathed out in every sentence of his speech. Those early impressions have been confirmed as the years have glided by. In the years of our close association I have found him to be a man of excellent wisdom, always just, considerate, patient, up-right, generous and kind.

Years glided by with flying footsteps. In 1882 I was called to the ministry. From that time till the present, his letters (and our correspondence extends over a quarter of a century) are all carefully preserved. I regard them as being among the most sacred of my possessions, freighted as they are with wisdom and knowledge, illuminated by tenderness and affection; strong because of their spiritual adaptability under the many soul-trying experiences that I have been called to pass through, as a branch, district and mission president, also as one of his counselors in the First Presidency.

President Joseph Smith as a Presiding Officer.

I have been honored in that I have occupied a position by his side, while he presided over district, mission, and General Conferences, and there perhaps as much as any one place has he revealed his real character. There

have his faith in God, his proverbial patience, his matchless courage, and unblemished honor been tried and tested. If ever the divine paradox of saintly power in frail humanity was exemplified, it has been in him,—gentle, yet forceful, loving yet determined, bold yet cautious, mindful of many interests yet responsible alone to God. Like a guardian angel he has stood mid stormy scenes in defense of the weak, the friendless, and deserted. He has ever been the defender of the downtrodden and oppressed. He has thrown himself in the thickest of the battle to protect those who have been misunderstood in the hour of their adversity.

I have gazed upon him when merciless and cruel criticism was hurled against him from where it should never have been expected. There he stood, dignity and pity shining from his tear-stained face, till instinctively my mind reverted to the Master of men, and in soliloquy I have said, There is the most perfect representative of the manger-cradled King who taught, saying, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. . . . Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

While most men would have retaliated, he pardoned, pitied, and rendered good for evil, while at times hot tears would channel down his sad face. Some one has said, "There is a sacredness in tears, they are not a mark of weakness but of power, they speak more eloquence than ten thousand tongues. They are prevailing orators. Tender, holy and sanctifying are human tears,—crystals of affection and pity, jewels of the soul."

As a parliamentarian, he has had few, if any equals in the church. Who that has attended the General Conferences, can fail to recall how when others were in the

chair and the way was dark and all was tangled up, when Joseph took the chair soon he had matters straightened out and sweet peace came in and all were glad that Brother Joseph still lived.

I have been with him in some of the most difficult cases that have been before the High Council of the church. As he performed the task his high calling imposed upon him, he was justice and pity personified, while guarding the sacred honor of the church, yet his great heart was ever throbbing in sympathy for the misguided one who perhaps had stumbled amid the darkness and storm of human temptation.

President Joseph Smith in his Home.

For years I have been a guest at his home at intervals. While we must tread softly o'er the threshold of his private life, yet justice prompts me to record some pen pictures of his home life. Some has said, "The home that has honored God with an altar of devotion, may well be called blessed, it is this which makes home a type of heaven, the dwelling place of God." Through the years, while I from time to time have been under the home tree, Joseph's custom was to have family worship.

Another habit of his was to be the first to rise every morning. Always something to do,—the cow and horse to attend to or wood to saw and carry in. It seemed good to see the cow and horse, and even the feathered flocks all run to him as he approached. How different with some men,—the animals run from them, fearing a blow but Joseph was kind and gentle to those dumb animals, and even they bear testimony, in no uncertain way, as to the man. Those who have seen the prophet sawing the wood and carrying it in to the wood box will certify that he was a splendid chore boy.

President Joseph Smith Abroad.

When I have been with him in our travels through Canada, many parts of the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, he was always generous, thoughtful, and unselfish.

Well do I remember acting as his guide around the historic and world-famed Niagara. We arrived at the battleground of the war of 1812. At Lundy's Lane, I faithfully pointed to the different places where the British soldiers had defeated the American men of war, showing where the British had killed the Americans, and then piled them together with fence rails and burned them, while others were forced over the bank into the Niagara River. Joseph mildly turned on me and quietly said, "Come with me to Bunker's Hill, Lexington, and Concord, and I will show you where the Americans did not run." Ah, there was his weakness, he was an American!

When it was decided that Joseph and I should go to the British Isles, we left New York, and the first night on board I took sick, I soon gave evidence of my well-known generosity in that I gave my all to feed the fish. Burns said that "toothache is the hell of all diseases." Surely the bard was ignorant of the tortures of 'mal de mer.' The first night out, Brother Joseph took my shoes off and helped me into bed, and in every way possible ministered to my needs. He was kindness personified during the entire trip and I tried to repay him, in that while he was sick on land I did my best to fill some of his appointments. All through the voyage he never lost a meal, and once he rose at three o'clock in the morning to see the sun rise. Well, in this, at least, we differed. I had full confidence in the brilliant king of day, and was satisfied that he would rise all right, and so I snoozed on.

While in London we saw King Edward and his good queen, as also many of the great ones of the earth; but we did not speak as they passed by. Here I must give you

another pen picture of the man of God: While in Ireland we saw many beggars on the streets. One in particular we refer to, who was a young girl without shoes or stockings; she had no hat and very little clothing of any kind. She approached us, and holding up a beautiful rose, requested us to buy, as she was hungry and tired. The rain was falling and it was cold. Joseph's heart was touched, tears filled his eyes, his hand found the bottom of his pocket, and out came all the change he had. He gave her the money. When she had gone, I said, "Joseph, she may work that game on hundreds every day."

He turned upon me and said, "R. C., that may be true; but I would rather be imposed upon a thousand times by the undeserving than to refuse to help one poor soul that was in need." I was silenced, but he was glad I was there, for I it was who had to pay the tram fare to our place of abode,—he was "broke." Again it could have been said, "Behold the man."

One day while looking over London for the last time, Joseph said "R. C. what do you think of London?"

I replied, "The half hath not been told me. London, mighty London! What do you think of it, Brother Joseph?"

He smiled and said, "Well, it is a pretty nice place, but I don't think I'll buy it."

President Smith has been like a father to me, and in a thousand ways has endeared himself to me by ties that are stronger than death. Under his hands I was ordained to the office of apostle, in 1897. He also ordained me as one of the First Presidency in 1902; and last of all, he it was who ordained me bishop in 1909.

His long and useful life has been a benediction to his fellow-men. He now with dimmed vision and faltering steps growing weary 'neath the weight of seventy-eight years,—years full of kind words, honest deeds and pure thoughts.

The world's way has been to kill the good, the true, the noble, and in after centuries, remembering their virtues, they chisel on ice-cold stone, the warm love words that should have cheered them adown life's thorn clad path.

Let the love-rose bloom for Brother Joseph now.

Truth is not flattery! Come, let us, on the day of his fiftieth anniversary as a priest and prophet of God (April 6, 1910). crown the living martyr with the well-merited title, Saint Joseph the Just.

Toronto, Ontario, February 24, 1910.

Bishop Evans was requested to act as chairman during the services held in Independence, Mo., April 6th, 1910, in commemoration of the fifty years Presidency over the Church by Joseph Smith, herewith we append his address as chairman:—

Dear Brothers and Sisters in the Holy family of God:

We have journeyed to this place from the far distant frozen north, from the perfumed fields of the sunny south, from the rock-bound coast of the busy east and from the golden gates of the mighty west. We have assembled upon this sacred spot, a part of the original Temple Lot sanctified by the blood of martyrs and made sacred by the tears and prayers of our ancestors. We have come to this sacred bethel that has been hallowed by the voice of inspiration, to associate together and take part in one of the most solemn, sacred, happy and yet sad events in the history of the church.

We have come not only to worship God in the best and highest condition of our spiritual development, but we have come upon this occasion especially to do honor to the priest of God, to the most conspicuous character, the choice of God, to lead his people in the most momentous age of the world.

He is present, consequently what I may have to say regarding him personally must be brief. Many of you have known him all your life-time. To us all he has been the children's friend, the youth's adviser, the preacher's example and the unblemished representative of God among men. He came to the church when it was under the ban of suspicion. He has championed the cause amid the gloom of misunderstanding; he has stood in the front of the ranks mid the roar of battle. He has championed the cause for fifty years; he has been in all those years an example worthy of imitation, kind and gentle, just and generous, good and honorable. Even those who eloquently misrepresented the cause he loved dearer than his life have frequently spoken in the highest and most glowing terms of the man, forgetting that he was really the product of the Latter Day glory, the output of the Angel's message; but if his character was unapproachable by way of conduct, it was because that character was formed under the principles of the Latter Day work.

There is one thought that I have heard him give expression to a number of times that enables us in the deepest and highest sense to repeat a statement made relative to one whom he loved "Behold the man." The statement is as follows:—In his early years, possibly in his fifteenth year, before he had formed a concrete religious faith, before he had cast in his lot with the Reorganization, he had reached this conclusion, that if the axiom in life so frequently stated, "Like father, like son," be true, he by the grace of God would seek to live in such a way that no man, watching his life's work, listening to his words, gazing upon his conduct, would ever see therein such a moral weakness as would enable that man to say his father was a bad man; and all who know him, I believe, would be willing to admit cheerfully tonight that in this particular respect he has been eminently successful.

We have a splendid program before us, and believing that competent speakers are to follow, I forbear making an extended address, and now take the liberty of presenting the next number.

ELDER A. F. McLEAN'S REPORT ON TORONTO WORK 1905-1910

With the passing of the hot weather comes that old feeling of "Push on the great Latter Day work, arise, and let us be doing." Down every street and through every avenue, must we herald the Angels message; and as this missionary zeal intensifies, our people turn to our well tried warrior, and Bishop Evans, is again called to the front. As a preliminary to the coming season's campaign, a reception was given Bro. Evans on Sept. 1st, 1910. In order that he might be taken by surprise he was asked to act as chairman. The program consisted of music, recitations, and speeches. Brother Will McCarthy's name appeared on the list for a solo, but instead thereof, he read the following address to the Bishop: (here the address was read, which is printed in another part of the book.)

Bro. Evans was completely taken off guard, but replied assuring us that the Latter Day work was his first care and all his energies would be spent in the furthering of its interests. He stood ready and anxious to lay hold of every opportunity to advance the work in Toronto, and with the assistance of the Saints, he hoped to make this the greatest season we have yet known.

The branch president, A. F. McLean, was then called on for an address. He reviewed the work done, since Jan. 1st, 1905, the beginning of the Majestic Theatre services; we give below a synopsis of his address: Prior to Jan 1st, 1905, the Lord by revelation had notified the little band of saints that he had a great work to perform in Toronto, for he had much people in this city. Through years of adversity and trial their hopes clung to those prophecies; and their expectations ran high, what seemed to them almost beyond hope. The speaker thought that had the Lord in those promises, given the figures, which he (Bro. McLean) had compiled from the branch records, and was

about to give them, few would have had sufficient faith to look for their fulfillment, but the Lord had a great work to do. He selected a servant to do it, Bishop Evans, then of the First Presidency, came to Toronto; and by inspiration the great work opened before him. In the contemplation of a great work and the selection of a servant, it was reasonable to suppose, that God would direct that servant in the carrying out of the same, some may have thought Bishop Evans was hard to approach, but probably in that point lay our assurance of success. Had he listened to the various opinions of how the work should have been conducted, he might have swerved from the way the Lord desired it done. So whether the methods used suited our ideas or not, the wonderful results seem to justify the course taken by Bishop Evans. The figures will not be as interesting to those who have come into the church during the progress of the work, as to those acquainted with our struggle for an existence in a stall 10x12 in the market on Maud St. The effort to pay \$2.00 per month is present in the mind of the speaker, and no doubt others here remember it. In our minds does this work appear in its full and true magnitude; and from the bottom of our hearts we thank God we have lived to see this day. Never in the days of privation, poverty and promise did our fondest expectations venture to picture anything approximating the figures which I now give you, covering the period of five years, eight months, Jan. 1st, 1905 to Sept. 1st, 1910.

FINANCES

Paid on church debt.....	\$11,533 81
Paid on Theatre services.....	5,171 64
Paid on Branch expenses.....	3,378 29
	<hr/>
	\$20,083 74

Average per month \$295.35.

The collections on the plates at Sunday Services in the church show the increase has been steady, and is not the result of a short boom, but a gradual growth:—

Collection	1906.....	\$344 17
	1907.....	577 41
	1908.....	724 10
	1909.....	836 05

Six months ending June 30, '10, \$501.50 as compared with \$406.37 for corresponding 6 months 1909. None of these figures include the cost of three nights in Massey Hall as the speaker was confined to his home with smallpox during those services, and so is not in possession of particulars, neither has payments of tithing been considered, but the Bishop has remarked on several occasions, that the Toronto Saints are second to none in paying tithing, notwithstanding the great amount of money they were raising and paying on local work.

ADVERTISING AND LITERATURE

There have been displayed throughout the city, 800 large fence posters, 5,150 bill boards, 30,000 lithographed bills placed in windows and on fences, 25,000 dodgers put in letter boxes and shoved under doors, 250,000 tracts and sermons have been given away free, also a large wagon sign has been driven through the main streets every Saturday afternoon, preceding each lecture in the Theatre. We have gotten into every paper in the city (with one exception) either by way of a paid adv. or a write up.

MEMBERSHIP

Baptisms	1905.....	35
	1906.....	61
	1907.....	81
	1908.....	73
	1909.....	69
8 months	1910.....	51

Should we keep up our present monthly average to the end of this year, it will be our second best year. While we rejoice in the number who have accepted the Gospel yet we should figure in the results those who have rejected it.

Eternity alone will reveal those figures. The thought is:—How many have heard the Gospel in its fullness and plainness? These figures show how abundantly God has fulfilled his promises and cause us to trust him for the fulfillment of still greater promises which He has made us. That the determination to continue the work might remain with us was the prayer of the speaker.

P.S.—We might at this late date, add that there has been a constant increase in baptisms every year, and last year (1917) Bishop Evans baptized 130, and other Elders of the Toronto branch baptized several more, and 1918 has started grandly, the Bishop has baptized twenty in January, and has some days to go before the month is closed.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO BISHOP EVANS.

Elsewhere I have given my readers what one District and Branch President has to say of my assistance to him, here I submit the testimony of another District and Branch President, this letter was written to me on my forty-first birthday in the church, I was baptized Nov. 5th, 1876. This letter was written Nov. 5th, 1917. These kind of letters come from many parts of the world to me, and are more valuable to me than earthly riches.

R. C. Evans,
Humber Bay, Ont.
Nov. 5th, 1917.

Bishop R. C. Evans,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Brother R. C.

I feel like writing you a few lines before I go to bed, R. C. I consider you to be the leading light in the church in perhaps almost every phase that could be mentioned, you are the most wonderful man we have, and personally I have listened to you at every opportunity both in public and private for twenty years, and my experience has been that you have always created within me a desire to be good. Most of the time, I have tried to be worthy of your associa-

tion, you have taught me to be upright and honorable and truthful, you have taught me the beauty of the Gospel of Christ, and I have learned to love you and to listen to the wonderful messages of truth so ably delivered, so fearlessly and eloquently spoken until I have been lost in amazement and have often exclaimed what next?

I have not kissed your hand in an outward sign of affection, neither have I applied the knife to your back, perhaps I do not say as many nice things to your face as I should, but I think you will believe me when I say that I do defend you and that I am as much your friend when away from you as when in your company. No later than to-day I had occasion to defend you, and I am pleased to say, I take pleasure in doing so. I love you because you are a Man, and stand fearlessly for righteous principles regardless of who stands with you or the consequences of such a stand.

I love the Gospel and my brethren and sisters and I hope to live worthy of the associations of good people and I want to be your friend and be able to overcome the enemy of righteousness.

I know it is the experience of good men to be misrepresented and abused, perhaps you have had more than your share of that, but it is because you have done more than your share of fighting for the right against wicked men and devils.

I feel tonight as though I am surrounded with influences that would seek to discourage me in the work of God, but I hope to hold on to the rod of iron and be strong in the right.

I know you love me R. C. and I wish I was more worthy of that true love and interest that you have in me.

Your own weak Boy,

D.

To Sister Lizzie Evans, President, Greetings:—

The officers and members of the Ladies Auxiliary having a desire at this time to give expression to their keen appreciation of your constant consideration for the welfare of this society, and for the indefatigable exertions personally put forward by you from time to time.

We sincerely trust that as in the past, your wise counsel and ever pleasant encouragement may draw others within our circle, that we may ever truly be an auxiliary of the Church of Christ.

With loving and grateful hearts your comrades tender you this present, as a slight token of their esteem for you and with a fervent and united prayer for your welfare.

Signed on behalf of members and friends,

Nettie Clark,
Alice McLean, Sec.

Jan. 18th, 1912.

Toronto, Ont.

Pres. R. C. Evans.

Dear Brother:—

Again has come the close of another campaign in the Majestic. Permit us to express our appreciation of your work during the past season. We have enjoyed your excellent lectures; and our labours together have been pleasant. We assure you that your seasons work still holds you in our highest esteem and deepest confidence. May we be long spared to labor together in love, and develop into a band which shall please our Father to use in the execution of His highest purposes towards our great city.

These presents are not a consideration for your labor, but serve merely as an opportunity to express to you the love and good fellowship which fills our hearts at the close of your fifth great campaign.

You are leaving for general conference where no doubt, the duties of your high office will weigh heavily upon you; but we trust you will feel encouraged and sustained when you allow your mind to revert to Toronto and feel the assurance "for me Toronto is praying", may the pleasantness of your trip only be exceeded by the happiness of your return is the wish of the

Toronto Saints.

KIRKLAND REUNION.

The following is part of a revelation received during the reunion. Patriarch John H. Lake, spoke in tongues, and Sister Griffeths, wife of Apostle G. T. Griffeth gave the interpretation, as near as several of those who heard can report it, It was taken down by a stenographer, she said that the spirit was so strong upon her that she listened so attentively that she could not write it all.

"Verily, verily, thus saith the spirit unto you, my servant Richard C. Evans, I have heard thy prayers and seen thy tears, be thou of good cheer for I will be with thee in the future as I have been with thee in the past. Behold thou hast accomplished a great work in the past, and there is much more to be performed by thee in the future, in the building up of my kingdom.

Thy brethren have criticized thy work which I, the Lord hath called thee to do, for behold thou has been called to do a peculiar work, yea that which is not plain unto men, hence thou hast been misunderstood, but if thou shalt strive to perform the work which I the Lord will from time to time require at thy hands, thou shalt rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for thou art a SON OF GOD.

Thus saith the Spirit."

Given August 18th, 1912.

We have often thought that if the dear People who have at times severely criticized me, had heard this revelation, they would not have been so free with their fault-finding. But we presume it is part of the plan, to "come up through much tribulation."

IS IT HERESY ?

BY BISHOP R. C. EVANS.

Editors Herald: Owing to my busy life and other reasons, I have not written to the HERALD for some years, but as the writer of the Tennessee debate has tried to make it appear that I am guilty of teaching false doctrine, and as one of "the leading men of the church" publishing that which is "embarrassing" and "contradictory," placing myself in such condition, by said teaching, that it may be a question with some as to whether I should be "barred of communion", I venture to ask space in the HERALD to defend just what I have written or preached, explain my position, and ask a few questions.

The good brother exposes what he thinks to be my folly, as follows:

"To prove that we teach universalism, he introduced R. C. Evans' tract "Future Punishment," and quoted, "I abhor, despise, denounce, and condemn the doctrine of eternal torment and unconditional election."—Page 15. And, "I believe that Christ was manifest in the world to destroy the work of the Devil, to destroy death, to rescue all from the grave, to enlighten humanity, to save the lost, to redeem the fallen, and finally restore perfect harmony in all God's vast universe."—Pages 16, 17.

I admit that the above expresses my faith, and with your permission I will try to give a few reasons for the hope that is within me.

Bible universalism, as I understand it, means that the divine government will so control that in the end there will be a moral harmony of the universe, God will reign supreme over all his vast creation.

"Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, All things

are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."—1 Corinthians 15: 24-28.

That all things in heaven and earth were created to give honor and glory, pleasure and praise to God, that it is his will that all shall be saved, and that his will shall not be overruled by the Devil or any one else, is evident from the following scripture:

"For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him."—Colossians 1: 16.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy *pleasure* they are and were created."—Revelation 4:11

"For I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do *all my pleasure*."—Isaiah 46: 9, 10.

"For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have *all men to be saved*, and come unto the knowledge of the truth."—1 Timothy 2: 3, 4.

"For I am not come to judge the world, but to *save the world*."—John 12: 47.

But before I take up the paper complained of, further, on this question, permit me to take up the passage that makes me an offender. I will be careful to quote it point by point, so the reader can see if I am in conflict with the word of the Lord.

"R. C. 'I believe that Christ was manifest in the world to destroy the works of the Devil.'

"Bible. 'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil.'—1 John 3: 8.

"R. C. 'To destroy death.'

"Bible. 'That through death he (Christ) might destroy

him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil, and deliver them, who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.'—Hebrews 2: 14,15.

" 'For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' —1 Corinthians 15: 25,26.

"R. C. 'To rescue all from the grave.'

"Bible. 'For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth.' —John 5: 28, 29.

" 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.'—1 Corinthians 15: 22.

"R. C. 'To enlighten humanity.'

"Bible. 'I am the light of the world.'—John 8: 12.

" 'In him was life, and the life was the light of men.' —John 1: 4.

" 'That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'—John 1: 9.

"R. C. 'To save the lost.'

"Bible. 'For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.'—Matthew 18: 11.

" 'Christ the Saviour of the world.'—John 4: 42.

"R. C. 'To redeem the fallen.'

"Bible. 'That he might redeem us from all iniquity.' —Titus 2: 14.

" 'Having obtained eternal redemption for us.'—Hebrews 9: 10.

"R. C. 'And finally restore perfect harmony in all God's vast universe.'

"Bible. 'Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and authority and power . . . that God may be all in all.'—1 Corinthians 15: 24-28."

The reader will see that every word complained of by the brother is in complete harmony with the word of God. If this is heresy make the most of it, or in the words of another and better, "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my

fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets."—Acts 24: 14.

But perhaps it is proper that I give my argument from the tract complained of. After quoting many parsons and church books on the subject of eternal torment, I made the following argument:

"My soul sickens with the most profound disgust and abhorrence as I read this fearful misrepresentation of every principle of justice, law, equity, mercy and love.

"The doctrine of eternal pain, of never-ending torture, of perpetual spite, of deathless agony, represents our heavenly Father to be more devilish than the worst conception of all the mediaeval devils that have ever been recorded. It contradicts all scripture, and teaches men to despise God, and lose all faith in the religion of Jesus Christ.

"By the tears, groans and pains of my Lord, by his perfect sacrifice, by his complete atonement, by the omnipotence, benevolence, and never dying love of the All-father and by his expressed will that Christ should be the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe, I abhor, despise, denounce and condemn the doctrine of eternal torment and unconditional election.

"Here are some statistical reports that show clearly the popular doctrine regarding God's dealings with his creature man. Statisticians tell us that 'since the creation of Adam, about one hundred and forty-three billions of human beings have lived upon the earth. Of these, the broadest estimate that could be made would be less than one billion, were saints of God.' Mill. Dawn, vol. 1, page 99. Now if it be true, that this life is only probation, it follows that over one hundred and forty-two billions have gone down to a burning hell for ever.

"There are over one billion heathens in the world now. It is admitted that the life of mankind now, does not exceed thirty-three years and four months. It follows that this whole mass of heathens will have died within the next thirty-three years and four months, and consequently there will die on an average 30,000,000 a year, 2,500,000 every month,

576,923 every week, 82,191 every day, 3,524 every hour, 58.7 every minute, one nearly every second.

"In other words, God creates and damns one pagan soul every second of time, every tick of the clock, every pulsation of the human heart. This making and damning souls has been going on since the creation of man, or death. For more of this kind the reader is invited to read the remarks of Reverend Sawyer, D.D., on the Congregational American Board Report, Springfield.

" 'One billion souls are dying in Christless despair at the rate of nearly one hundred thousand a day.'—General Booth.

" 'Not one half of the fourteen hundred millions have ever heard the name of Jesus.'—Mill Dawn, vol. 1, page 92.

" 'There are now living 1,000,000,000 heathens: Buddhists 485,000 000, Brahmins 120,000,000, Mohammedans 225,000,000, Parsees 1,000,000, Jews 8,000,000, Pagans 202,000,000. There are 390,000,000 Christians divided into 190,000,000 Roman Catholics, 84,000,000 Greek Catholics, 116,000,000 Protestants.'—See Encyclopedia Britannica and Johnson's Encyclopedia."

" 'Mr. Brerewood divided the world into thirty parts, nineteen of them are professed heathens, altogether as ignorant of Christ as if he had never come into the world. Six of the remaining parts are professed Mohammedans, so that only five in thirty are so much as nominally Christians. Since this computation was made, many new nations have been discovered. All heathens, many of them inferior to the beasts of the field, more savage than lions.'—John Wesley, sermon 65, 'General spread of the gospel.' Now let us learn from that great and good man, John Wesley, what he thought of the fifth part of the world that made claim to be Christians. 'Put Papists and Protestants together—and what manner of Christians are they? Are they holy as he that hath called them is holy?—Is there that mind in them which was also in Christ Jesus? and do they walk as Christ also walked? Nay, they are as far from it as hell is from heaven.'—John Wesley, sermon 65.

"Now the great question is: What has become of those now dead, and all the rest that will yet die. The world answers as follows—Atheism answers, they are eternally dead. There is no hereafter. They will never live again. Calvinism—They were not elected to be saved. God fore-ordained and predestined them to be lost, to go to hell, and those that are dead that were not elected to be saved, are now writhing in agony, where they will ever remain, without hope.

"Armenianism answers—We believe that God excuses many of them on account of ignorance. Those who did the best they knew how, will be sure of being a part of the 'church of the first-born,' even though they never heard of Jesus.

"While this last view is perhaps more merciful, yet it makes ignorance a ground of salvation. Now the Bible teaches that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation.—Romans 1: 16. Now if ignorance saves one, it will save all, so that we need not Christ or the gospel. Surely this is denying Christ and the gospel, and putting a premium on ignorance.

"Some may say, now that you have proven that the doctrine of a literal, perpetual hell, and unconditional election is false, and you have submitted the statistical reports concerning the awful darkness of the world, what are your views regarding the final destiny of man?

"I will cheerfully present my views on these important matters, in as brief and concise a manner as possible.

"I believe that Christ was manifest in the world to destroy the work of the Devil, to destroy death, to rescue all from the grave, to enlighten humanity, to save the lost, to redeem the fallen, and finally restore perfect harmony in all God's vast universe.

"In support of this I invite the reader to carefully and prayerfully read the following scriptures: Hebrews 2: 3-9; Luke 2: 10, 11; Romans 5: 12-18; John 1: 7-9, 23; John 3: 16; John 4: 42; John 12: 32-47; 1 John 3: 8; Hebrews 2: 14; Revelation 1: 18; Revelation 4: 11; Isaiah 46: 9, 10; 1 Corin-

thians 15: 22-28; Phillipians 2: 12, 13; 2 Corinthians 5: 14, 15; 1 Timothy 2: 6; 1 Timothy 4: 10; Daniel 7: 14.

"That the sinner will be punished is evident from the scriptures and I fully believe that for every idle word, for every unkind deed, man must give an account to God.

"We can conceive but three reasons why God should punish his disobedient children. First from motives of revenge, spite or hatred.

"Now the attributes ascribed to our heavenly Father are: Power, justice, goodness, love, fatherhood. These attributes forbid us to surmise that God will punish from the above stated motives. Why, a good earthly father would not punish his child from motives of spite, hatred or revenge.

"The second reason is: He might punish his disobedient children for the good of other members of his family, who might learn obedience by the suffering of those punished. But this reason must fall, because we read that all will be judged when the books are opened, hence it will be too late to learn by the suffering of another.

"The only true motive of God's punishment is for the best possible development of his disobedient children to eradicate evil, burn out the dross, purify the gold, after they have 'paid the last farthing', suffered according to their works of evil. They will see that the 'chastening' has been 'for their profit,' and that 'afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness' and they are made 'partakers of his holiness' and yet bow the knee in holy reverence to the love of God. Hebrews 12: 5-11; Revelation 3: 19; 2 Corinthians 5: 10; Colossians 3: 25; Matthew 5: 25, 26; Matthew 18: 23-35.

"That the heathen nations and the sinners of the more enlightened portions of the world may hear the gospel in the intermediate state between death and the resurrection, and that the work of punishment, reformation or salvation will be accomplished is very evident, from the following and other scriptures: Isaiah 14: 12-17; 24: 7; 61: 6; Ezekiel 31: 16-18; 32: 17-32; Zechariah, 9: 12; Isaiah 49: 8, 9;

Psalms 16: 10; 88: 5; 68: 17-20; Ephesians 4: 9, 10; 1 Peter 3: 18-20; 1 Peter 4: 6; Luke 23: 42; 16: 19-31; Revelation 6: 9-11; Revelation 1: 18; Revelation 20: 13; Jonah 2: 2; Philipians 2: 10; Revelation 5: 3:13; John 5: 25-29.

"Thank God Jesus will win back the world, suffering will end, death be destroyed, and peace will cover the earth. Then God who is called Father more than two hundred and fifty times in the New Testament, will demonstrate to all, that he has ever loved his children, and that he created them for his pleasure and society.

"Oh, how beautiful the facts in the case are, compared to the cold, cruel, revengeful story as told by the theology of Christianity so called.

"Surely the creeds misrepresent our Father. Thank God the angel message of salvation, peace, pardon, and redemption has come and we may now see that the goodness of God leadeth man to repentance, and loving service.

"When we see the wisdom, love and power of God, in sending Jesus Christ to restore all things we feel to say: O, thou sun of righteousness, shed thy light o'er the universe till all shall be baptized, 'neath the halo of thy power. Shine on thou bright and morning star, till the darkest corner of the universe shall be illumined with the brightness of thy glory. O, thou Rock of Ages, may all the mariners on humanity's wild, white, crested, foamy sea, find safety in the towering omnipotence. O thou Lily of the Valley, reflect thy purity till the last wandering soul shall learn to love thee and become pure as thou art. Bloom on, thou Rose of Sharon till the atmosphere of the universe shall be freighted with the aroma of thy love. When the universe shall bow before thee and the voice of a great multitude, like the voice of many waters and mighty thunderings, shall cry Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! When every creature which is in heaven, and on earth and under the earth shall take part in thy coronation service, saying: Blessing and honor and glory and power unto Thee. Reign through eternity thou monarch of all hearts, thou darling of God, thou Redeemer of humanity and Saviour of worlds."

But again you will see by the brother's statement that because "I abhor, despise, denounce, and condemn the doctrine of *eternal torment* and *unconditional election*," I am not sound in the faith. Please permit me to present the doctrine of unconditional election as taught in the textbooks and by the leading ministers of the churches. I quote from the sermon, "Future Punishment," complained of:

"Now I desire to call your attention to another doctrine that, in connection with the literal flame theory is a combination that the whole sense of human justice revolts at, I refer to the doctrine of fatalism, unconditional election, and foreordination, as held by the Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational churches, and some of the leading men of the Church of England. I will let their representative ministers speak for them.

" 'By the decree of God for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated to everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed and their number is so certain and definite that it can not be either increased or diminished.'—Presbyterian Confession of Faith, third chapter sections 3, 4.

"Query.—If it be true that God, before the foundation of the world has decided how many to save, how many to damn, that number can not be 'increased or diminished,' why preach, pray, hope, or try to do right? The die is cast, the doom is sealed. Obeying the gospel will not save, refusing to obey will not condemn.

"But lest you might think I am making this worse than it really is, I will let their own leading men explain their doctrine.

"Calvin says: 'Predestination we call the eternal decree of God, by which he hath determined in himself what he would have to become of every individual of mankind, for they are not all created with a similar destiny; but eternal life is foreordained for some and eternal damnation for others.'

"And Calvin again says of God's design in relation to sinners: 'He directs his voice to them, but it is that they may become more deaf; he kindles a light, but it is that they may become more blind; he publishes his doctrine, but it is that they may be made more besotted; he applies a remedy but it is that they may not be healed.'

"Peter Martyr, another confrere, says: 'God supplies wicked men with opportunities of sinning and inclines their hearts thereto; he blinds, deceives and seduces them; he, by his working on their hearts, bends and stirs them up to evil.'

"Zachius, the Swiss reformer, declares that 'The reprobates are bound by the ordinance of God under the necessity of sinning.' And Beza, his countryman, says, 'that God hath predestinated, not only unto damnation, but also unto the causes of it whomsoever he saw meet,' and John Knox says, 'The reprobates are not only left by God's suffering, but are compelled to sin by his power.'

"Toplady, a Church of England Calvinist, among other awful utterances, says: 'The sentence of God which rejects the reprobates is so immutable that it is impossible that they should be saved, though they have performed all the work of the saints, and, therefore it is not true that those who perish through their own fault might have been saved through grace if they had not ceased laboring for saving grace.'—Reverend Doctor Lantry, in the *Toronto Globe*.

"From the above quotations as cited by one of Canada's most brilliant pulpiteers, it would appear that the great reformers referred to, have represented our heavenly Father as being all that the general people have accused the Devil of being guilty of.

"Query.—Is it true that God 'compels people to sin,' 'tempts' and 'inclines men to sin,' 'stirs them up to do evil,' 'blinds,' 'deceives,' 'seduces'? That he called millions into existence on purpose to damn, roast and burn them in hell's flames, making them 'blaspheme,' 'screech' and 'writhe' in excruciating agony, 'all for his own glory.' Can all this unspeakable, horrid, devilish, cruel, inhuman con-

duct be charged against God? Yet the priests and parsons of the sectarians churches have so revealed him to the world.

"I will now submit one more statement from the celebrated Doctor Hopkins, and ask your careful consideration of the most God-dishonoring, soul-discouraging paragraph that was ever preached by mortal man.

"'God has revealed it to be his will to punish some of mankind forever, you know not but what you are one of them, whether you will be saved or damned depends entirely on his will, and supposing he sees it most fit for his glory, and the general good that you should be damned, it is certainly sure that you will be damned. On this supposition then you ought to be willing to be damned, for not to be willing to be damned, in this case is opposing God's will.'—Doctor Hopkins' Works, volume 3, page 145."

We have heard much regarding the words *eternal*, *everlasting*, *for ever*, yet all are shown to be limited, when referring to *duration*. Read Psalm 104: 5; Ecclesiastes 1: 4; Isaiah 13: 13; Matthew 24: 35; 2 Peter 3: 10; Revelation 20: 11; Revelation 21: 1; Johan 2: 3-6; Exodus 21: 6; Leviticus 25: 46; Genesis 17: 8; Genesis 48: 4; Genesis 49: 26; Isaiah 54: 10; Jude 7; Ezekiel 16: 44-63; Matthew 10: 15; Matthew 11: 24; Now read and think.

Time and space forbid that I go more fully into other matters that have been referred to at this moment, but I wish to ask a few questions, and then let the matter rest for the present.

Referring to the vision found in Doctrine and Covenants, section 76, where it speaks of the condition of a certain unfortunate class, it says:

"Thus saith the Lord, concerning all those who know my power, and have been made partakers thereof, and suffered themselves, through the power of the Devil, to be overcome, and to deny the truth, and defy my power; they are they who are the sons of perdition, of whom I say it had been better for them never to have been born; for they are vessels of wrath, doomed to suffer the wrath of God, with the devil and his angels, in eternity, concerning whom

I have said there is no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come; having denied the Holy spirit, after having received it, and having denied the only begotten Son of the Father; having crucified him unto themselves, and put him to an open shame: these are they who shall go away into the lake of fire and brimstone, with the devil and his angels, and the only ones on whom the second death shall have any power; yea, verily, the only ones who shall not be redeemed in the due time of the Lord, after the sufferings of his wrath; for all the rest shall be brought forth by the resurrection of the dead, through the triumph and the glory of the Lamb who was slain, who was in the bosom of the Father before the worlds were made. And this is the gospel, the glad tidings which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us, that he came into the world, even Jesus to be crucified for the world, and to bear the sins of the world, and to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness; that through him all might be saved, whom the Father had put into his power, and made by him; who glorifies the Father, and save all the works of his hands, except those sons of perdition who deny the Son after the Father hath revealed him; wherefore he saves all except them; they shall go away into everlasting punishment, which is endless punishment, which is eternal punishment, to reign with the devil and his angels in eternity, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, which is their torment, and the *end thereof*, neither the place thereof, nor their torment, no man knows; neither was it revealed, neither is, neither will be revealed unto man, *except to them who are made partakers thereof*; nevertheless, I the Lord, *show it by vision unto many*; but straightway shut it up again; wherefore the *end*, the width, the height, the depth and the misery thereof, they understand not, neither any man except them who are ordained unto this condemnation. And we heard the voice saying, Write the vision, for lo, this is the end of the vision of the sufferings of the ungodly!"

Here we are told the persons referred to are those that

once were the children of God, born again, saved, redeemed, loved God and followed him; but in a dark and cloudy day when the trials were hard, they "suffered themselves through the *power of the Devil*, to be overcome." Now, if it be true that Christ is to destroy the works of the Devil, destroy death, be the saviour of the *world*, will God's power be limited just to the extent that he can not save those once obedient children? Or if he has the power to save them, is his mercy, love, pity, and pardoning power limited? if the "*end of their torment is revealed to many by the Lord in vision*," as it plainly states, why is it considered heresy to believe there is *an end*? When the words, *endless, eternal, everlasting*, loom up before you, with their sectarian meaning, would it not be right for you to look at the word of the Lord on the words and meaning thereof, as found in Doctrine and Covenants, 18:1, 2.

"And surely every man must repent or suffer, for I God am endless; wherefore, I revoke not the judgments which I shall pass, but woes shall go forth, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth; yea, to those who are found on my left hand; nevertheless, *it is not written that there shall be no end to this torment*.

"Again, it is written eternal damnation; wherefore it is more express than other scriptures, that it might work upon the hearts of the children of men, altogether for my name's glory; wherefore, I will *explain* unto you *this* mystery, for it is meet unto you to know even as mine apostles. I speak unto you that are chosen in this thing, even as one, that you may enter into my rest; for, behold, the mystery of godliness, how great is it? For, behold, I am endless, and the punishment which is given from my hand is endless punishment, for endless is my name; wherefore,

"Eternal punishment is God's punishment.

"Endless punishment is God's punishment."

This is the word of the Lord. Why then should one pass this by in a debate as "A quibble"? Is it right to pass the word of the Lord as a quibble?

Now we will look at Doctrine and Covenants 36: 7.

The Lord herein states that "Endless and Eternal is my name." He tells Enoch (that holy man that never tasted death) that there has not been so great wickedness as among his brethren, so great had the brethren of Enoch sinned, that the Lord said, "Satan shall be their father, and misery shall be their doom; and the whole heavens shall weep over them." Surely this is about as bad as you can find anywhere; yet the Lord says later on in the same revelation that he will shut them up in a prison and they will suffer for their sins, and till "his chosen" shall return "unto me", "and until that day they shall be in torment."

You see, notwithstanding all their wickedness and their former high standing as the brethren "of Enoch," they have an *end* to their *torment*.

Now just one more from the Doctrine and Covenants, section 43, paragraph 7: "And the wicked shall go away into unquenchable fire; and their end no man knoweth, on earth, nor ever shall know, *until* they come before me in judgment."

Will you say that at the time of judgment they will not know the end of their torment, or, worse, that there will be no end?

Now a few lines regarding the sin concerning which it is written, "It shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—Matthew 12:32. Let me ask, Did it ever occur to you that this only shows that the unfortunate that commits this awful sin is not granted pardon in this present world? He dies unpardoned, and not only so, but he is not pardoned in the world to come; that is, he is not permitted to come forth in the first resurrection and to enjoy the glory of the millennial reign. He is not redeemed in "the due time of the Lord," the period promised, no, he loses that, but do you think that the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of Jesus has lost its power? He that is to destroy death to destroy the power of the Devil, (and remember, we are told they were overcome by the power of the Devil), will he refuse to help, or will he acknowledge that he can but will not, will he forget that all

his punishments are for the correction of those that have been led astray by the power of the Devil? Oh, think of it when you have spent years in telling the world of God's pardoning love to all mankind, will you say that his love has a limit? When it comes to some of his children that have done wrong when overcome by the power of the Devil, will not this spoil all your story about the fatherhood of God? Let the Lord speak as to his fatherhood:

"Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee."—Deuteronomy 8: 5.

"My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction: for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth."—Proverbs 3: 11, 12.

Now let me present a picture, as painted by one of our brethren and published by the church press: "Let us take a view of a father chastening his son. We shall suppose this boy to be fifteen years old; he has disobeyed his father's command, and the father now proposes to chastise him. The boy is tied to a tree. A red-hot iron is brought forth and applied to his body; again and again this heroic treatment is applied, all the while the boy's screams are rending the air; his pleas for mercy are pouring into his father's ears, and his agony is fearful to behold; but there is no cessation of the punishment. The boy faints in a dead swoon, but the father is determined to show him how much 'he delighteth' (?) in him, so he continues to apply the torture as long as there is a throb of the pulse, a spark of life left in his boy's body—the boy 'in whom he delighteth.' During this time the rest of the family are standing around shouting, 'Glory; Hallelujah,' along with other expressions of gratitude and happiness. Now you would say that man is a brute, and the whole family are worse than heathen cannibals, such a thing would not be tolerated anywhere in all this land."

Now this story is told to show how the sectarian world believed that God will punish those that obey not the gospel

in this life, and we have thought it was grand, in that it exposed the awful conception they have of "our Father." Would you have me literalize the passages referred to, and thus make God, our God, "our Father" just as cruel and spiteful toward his own blood-purchased children, those that he has saved, redeemed, those that are born again, as the world thinks he will be to those that are not of his family? We have thought that Father will be more pitiful, more merciful, more lenient, more patient, more forgiving to his own family than to those not of the number.

Granted that they must suffer for every unkind word spoken—for each unkind deed performed, "but he will not keep his wrath for ever." Ah, take a look at the story of God's love and the final redemption of his wandering children as seen in the parables of "our elder brother." Then tell me that some will be everlastingly happy while some will be everlastingly miserable. The prodigal son returned; the shepherd sought for the wandering sheep until he found it; the woman looked for the lost piece of silver till she found it. All, all tell the wonderful story of God's love, and so it seems not heresy to me to think that God will watch for the wandering boy till he returns. Then will he place the best robe on his shoulders, and the ring on his finger, and shoes on his feet, and say in heartfelt joy, "This my son was dead and is alive again." Jesus is the good Shepherd, and as such he will wander over the hills and across the valleys till he finds the lost sheep, and tenderly will he take it into the fold again.

But lest I weary you, I will close by quoting some questions propounded by Elder J. S. Roth, in the *Ensign* for December 28, 1905.

"1. Would endless punishment be for the good of any human being? 2. If God loves his enemies, will he punish them any more than is for their good? 3. If God loves his friends, if he loves his enemies also, are not all mankind objects of his love? 4. If God love only those who love him, what better is he than a sinner? 5. As 'love thinketh no evil', can God design the ultimate evil of a single soul? 6.

If any man does wrong in returning evil for evil, would not God do wrong in doing the same? 7. Would not endless punishment be in return of evil for evil? 8. If God hates the sinner, would it not be natural for the sinner to hate God? 9. If God loves his enemies now, will he not always do the same? 10. Would it be unjust in God to be kind to all men in a future state? 11. If all men deserve endless punishment, will not those who are saved miss divine justice? 12. Does divine justice require the infliction of pain from which mercy recoils? 13. If God would save all men but can not, is he infinite in power? 14. If God can save all men and will not, is he infinite in his goodness? 15. Did God desire universal salvation when he created men? 16. Will God carry his original designs into execution? 17. Can God will anything contrary to his knowledge? 18. Did God, when he created man, intend that a portion of his creatures should be endlessly wretched? 19. If he did not know all at the creation, is he infinite in knowledge?"

The italics in this paper are mine.

The same,

R. C. EVANS.

January 23, 1909.

I wrote the above article, when I was one of the First Presidency of the church, Joseph Smith was then President of the church, and Editor of the Saints Herald in which this article was published,

Some time after the article was published, President Smith was asked to give his personal opinion upon it. He replied, "I have not read it very carefully, but have laid it by so that I might give it proper consideration, but will get at it tonight."

He did give it proper consideration, and when asked the question "Well is President Evans guilty of heresy?" he made this reply, "Well he may be, but they will never be able to prove him guilty by this article,"

I may say that I wrote upon this subject, as far back as 1887 and the church published it then, and all my sermons on the subject many of which have been published in

book and pamphlet form and through the church papers, and they all agree with the position taken in this paper.,

R. C. EVANS.

January 29th, 1918.

STIRRING TIMES IN CANADA.

We think it would be of interest to our readers to give a sample of the work performed by Bishop Evans in his many public discussions with the clergy of other denominations. The writers of these two articles, Elders Daniel McGregor and Fred Gregory, were both mere boys when Bishop Evans took them into the missionary field with him. They both give him credit for some training, and their great work in pulpit, press and platform show the fruitage of their early training. They are both endeared to the Bishop, and he frequently calls them "My Boys."

HERALD, SAUBLE FALLS, ONT.,

Aug. 24, 1898.

Editors Herald:—In my last I told of big interest here in Sauble. Since that time matters have gone from good to better—the crowds increasing, the preachers maddening, while eleven souls were baptized. The preachers found they could do nothing by secretly slandering us from house to house, so at last one, a Rev. Thompson, a Presbyterian, ventured to come to my meeting and at conclusion was in for debate. Seeing he was so brave I asked him if he was willing to meet an Elder R. C. Evans. "Yes, sir, or a baker's dozen like him!" was the reply. Accordingly we wrote out propositions affirming for respective churches; but at this the reverend gentleman's spiritual advisers made objections, telling him he would be caught and wound right up, thereupon he declined signing propositions. However, the preacher was not going to back down and out altogether, so he asked privilege to lecture night about with me, to which we gladly consented.

Next morning we telegraphed for R. C. Evans, telling him of his reverence's apparent illness and by all means to

hasten with a few pills that he might be brought to all right. Accordingly Elder Evans came with the necessary accoutrements to begin scalping operations at once. We attended his reverence's first abusive lecture, and surely it was an onslaught filled with usual sectarian arguments—Joseph Smith a bad man and Book of Mormon a bad book, with an added caution, "Look out for these men; they are after your wives and daughters." But our turn came last night with poor Mr. preacher out to hear his death knell. Elder Evans showed where he lied from the very encyclopedias quoted by his reverence; that the Spalding tale was silly, written in fact by "a crack-brained Presbyterian preacher," as shown by encyclopedia, and produced evidence to show that Presbyterians themselves were taking in polygamous converts in India. At this the preacher arose much confused, wishing to explain, but being sharply questioned by a voice and eyes that pierced him to the heart. The preacher at last caved in, admitting that polygamy was practiced in their church in India; at this the congregation cheered, much to the discomfiture of our opponent. I have been to many meetings where discussion has been in the past and have invariably seen the truth triumph, but to witness so spellboud an audience for over three hours with continued admissions by an opponent preacher, I have never yet heard of nor seen the like before.

The preacher admitted that John wrote his three epistles and gospel after the Book of Revelation was written; that infant baptism was unscriptural; and finally acknowledged that we were separate from the Utah Mormon Church, thus backing down from the cruel slanders heaped on us the night before. Crowds are attending the debate, including paper editors, preachers, etc. There was not standing room last night; even the windows were filled with anxious heads upon the outside, and though the reply was over three hours, yet all stood or sat and listened with breathless attention. Sometimes the house would be brought down with roars of laughter and immediately after the white kerchiefs could be seen stealing from the pocket to

do service to the moistened eye. Thank God for the truth and power that enables his servants to control an audience spellbound while it waves them gently from the sublime towering summits of heavenly light to the merriment of a well-meaning story, then riveting home the facts from scripture and other sources, so much so that all honest minds see and distinguish truth from error, while he who blindly and wilfully opposes is brought to shame and contempt!

Elder Evans expects to stay with me until the battle is over. We expect many baptisms. More anon.

Yours in delight,

DANIEL MACGREGOR.

August 5—In my last I was showing the starting and progression of the work here in this northern clime, leading down to a debate between Rev. Thompson, Presbyterian, and Elder R. C. Evans. The results of that debate are gratifying indeed, for when Elder Evans had concluded his reply on Friday evening, after rapt attention for two hours, the congregation voted that Elder Evans had fully and satisfactorily replied to the stale slander and abuse heaped upon Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon, and the church. But, our religious opponents were not to be stopped yet; seeing that Thompson was scalped so neatly and, moreover that he would not show up after his second night (though he promised to fight it out if it took all summer), they now had another man on deck, a Rev. Norton, to be imported from Owen Sound.

After our Friday evening reply this man Norton was proffered for debate by his agent, Rev. McEwen, of Baptist fame; but they did not want to debate with R. C. ; they picked on your writer as the man they wanted, but their desires were not to be gratified when a man of heavier caliber was on hand; it was victory they were after, not to find out who had the truth. Elder Evans exposed their meanness and cowardice in wanting to debate with a person of about three years' preaching experience and only twenty-three.

This he showed up so well that our opponents were reluctantly willing to meet Elder Evans. Papers were drawn up and signed to the effect that debate was to start August 16, each man affirming for his church, debate to take place in schoolhouse, the place of preaching for all sects for these many years.

And now we show trickery, cowardice, and meanness; our opponents seeing they were caught and forced into meeting Elder Evans because of audience demanding "fair play," now pursued tactics to get out of discussion; accordingly leading Baptist men who were ratepayers went to trustees and demanded the closing of school forthwith, and which had to be complied with. This stopped the debate, as there was no other hall in the place.

The whole country with the exception of a few pious religionists (?) see our opponents' cowardice, and truly it is doing them great harm. We are being slandered through the press, a two and three column article just appearing from the editor, calling us everything indecent, and stating that we should be run out of the country. The pious McEwen, like his predecessor, who so inhumanely led mobs against the saints, is busy from house to house, actually praying with one family that the "people might close their doors" against us, that God would "curse" us, and "that the people might set the dogs on us." Why, the ex-debator Thompson a few days ago having met me on the road threatened to jump out and horsewhip me. We suggested to his reverence the idea of putting on the spurs and tackling Yankee Bob Fitzsimmons. Maybe we shall read of another champion fight.

We are feeling splendid in the work, having big crowds and rapt attention. Yesterday nine precious souls were led into the waters of baptism, while apparent appearances indicate many more in the near future. Bro. Evans leaves me to-morrow, about to prepare for his debate in Chatham Ontario. His coming here has been a Godsend, giving the work the impetus which was impossible by your writer to perform. He tells me that since so many are apparently

dead, I can do the burying all right. It must not be supposed that these are hasty baptisms; they are not, as they have been hearing the truth the past month, and at last witnessing the sad defeat of Rev. Thompson and the cowardice of Rev. McEwen, they are compelled to see that nothing can stand before this work; and well might come to that conclusion. Twenty have been baptized in these quarters thus far, and so the work rolls on.

Yours in bonds,

DANIEL MACGREGOR.

Ellmore-Evans Debate

(HERALD, Sept. 14, 1898.)

CHATHAM, ONT., Sept. 9th.

Editors Herald.—The much talked of discussion between Elder R. C. Evans, and William Ellmore, of the Disciple faith, to commence September 5, is now in progress in this city. Last night ended the first proposition, which read, "Is the church of which I, R. C. Evans, am a member, the church of Christ, and identical in faith, organization, teaching, ordinances, worship, and practice with the Church of Christ as it was left perfected by the Apostles?"

Many of the saints living in the surrounding country have been in attendance, and here and there they are to be seen and heard expressing their satisfaction in the fullness of the gospel and in the forcible way in which Bro. Evans met the attack of Mr. Ellmore.

Mr. Ellmore has thus far shown himself to be an honorable man. Once or twice though he resorted to a little trickery, but this we attribute to his moderator, Mr. Keffer, who has a well-earned reputation of mud slinging, using both abusive and obscene language. It appeared at first as if Ellmore was going to put up a good fight, and by that I mean nothing pugilistic; but a keen, snappy defense; but every time he advanced a point (for he got into affirming) Elder Evans got after him in such a way that Bro. Ellmore

thought the safer way would be for him to avoid making reply, and so gave himself to the fulfillment of prophecy as it relates to Judah.

Elder Evans made a masterly affirmative, which the negative failed to touch after his first night. One of the "tricks" indulged in by Ellmore was to make it appear that he regarded all the different denominations before him as Christians. This, as usual, was done to solicit sympathy. By the records of his own church R. C. showed that they claimed that the Roman Catholic Church is the Mother of Harlots and that the Protestant churches are the daughters of that mother; that the churches were "an adulterous brood" and a "den of thieves;" that the Baptist Church is a relic of popery;" that Methodism is a "counterfeit religion, Christ was not the head of it nor never would be; that Calvinism is the defeat of Christianity and a death-dealing system." This effectually checked Ellmore's soliciting sympathy.

Touching the name of the church, after putting up nearly a half hour's speech on it being the "Church of Christ" and not the church of Jesus Christ, Bro. Evans pressed him so strongly that he said it was the Church of *Jesus* Christ. The audience saw the point and gave him the laugh and a clap of the hands. Seeing what he had done, he apologized by saying, "It was a slip of the tongue," which only made it worse. Elder Evans told him he hoped his tongue would always slip if that was a necessity to him getting at the truth.

To-night Ellmore is in the affirmative for his church. Large crowds, good attention, clean debate.—We're happy.

More anon.

F. GREGORY.

LONDON, ONT., Sept. 12

Editors Herald:—At the close of the first proposition we sent particulars as briefly as we felt we could, now that

the second proposition has closed we wish to record the fact and some few items of interest.

The second proposition reads as follows: "Is the Church of which I, William Ellmore, am a member, the Church of Christ and identical in faith, organization, teaching, ordinances, worship, and practice, with the Church of Christ as it was left perfected by the apostles?"

The readers of the *Herald* have heard this proposition threshed out so often that we deem it unnecessary to go into detail, but think it sufficient to say that Mr. Ellmore failed to support this claim to identity, but did well with the poor material he had to make out his case with. In the main Mr. Ellmore acted the part of a gentleman, but in the last speech, when smarting under a signal defeat, he misrepresented the Book of Mormon (besides it being new matter), and made a personal attack on R. C. He also referred to a private conversation he had with Bro. Evans prior to the debate, making particular mention of the fact that R. C. had predicted a dirty debate. This was done to show Bro. Evans a false prophet, as it had been clean and gentlemanly all through.

When it came to replying, Mr. Ellmore appeared uneasy as Bro. Evans got after him by referring to the same conversation only more fully. Richard had told Ellmore that he was surprised that he was going to have as his moderator Mr. Keffer, and that if Keffer had any influence over him he would predict a dirty debate, judging from the three debates he had with Keffer previous to this; but the climax was reached when R. C. told the audience that Ellmore had confessed to him on the fourth night of this debate that the Disciples had tried to persuade him to throw dirt; but that he would not and that Keffer had no influence over him in this debate.

The debate was largely attended throughout and all that we have seen, except Disciples, are unanimous in saying that we had a big victory. As evidence of where the interest of the people centres we had good crowds at our two services yesterday while the Disciples held forth in the

hall (of debate) to a congregation of twenty each time, and that counting the preachers.

October 17, I expect to meet Dr. Mason, of Toronto, on the sleep of the soul, and the apostasy and restoration. R. C. will be with me.

Yours,

F. GREGORY.

As a side-light to the sacrifices that Bishop Evans has made to remain with his great Toronto work, he was offered, by one of the great publishing firms, the following trip:

We will furnish you with all the instruments for taking pictures, we will pay all your expenses of travelling from the time you leave Toronto till you return, and agree with you on the salary for the time spent, if you will leave for London in time for the coronation of the King. Then go to a few places which we shall name in England, France, Italy, Egypt and Palestine; take such pictures as you may deem proper, and make such write-ups as will be fitting for each place and picture.

After R. C. had the offer, he desired to go, and spoke to President Joseph Smith about it, and he replied, "Richard it would be a grand trip, very educational, and no doubt would not only be a blessing to yourself, but the church in general. But I will leave it to your own decision."

R. C. thought of the work in Toronto, and could not see his way clear to leave it, and so the matter dropped. The reader will see by the article below, what a sacrifice it was to Bishop Evans.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING REVERIE.

BY BISHOP R. C. EVANS.

I would like to enter the grotto at Bethlehem where the manger-cradled King first blessed the world with his baby prattle while nestling amid the straw. Oh, that I

could go to the hill crest where stood the old carpenter shop, in which he toiled at Nazareth, to keep the grim wolf of poverty from his widowed mother's door. Gladly would I take that long walk over the hills and through the valleys, an hundred miles of stony toil, over which Mary hurried to tell Elizabeth of her condition and to hear her story of the coming of the one to prepare the way of the wonderful unborn child.

I would suffer much could I rest upon the well of Jacob where the weary Master of men leaned, hungry and tired, and told the fallen woman the greatest love story her ears had ever heard—the story that changes life.

Oh, to stand in the room where the last supper was eaten and the last hymn sung, while throats were bursting with the lump of sorrow that human tongue has never been able to describe.

Oh, think of it; to stand gazing on the spot where three apostles fell asleep while He suffered the pains of the world; to go to Gethsemane; to listen to the echoes from the rocks as they come back from the dead past, the agony clothed in the saddest words that ever were uttered: "Oh, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." Only to kneel where he bowed when the weight of the world's sin was upon his head. Just to stand upon the spot where he met the midnight mob, headed by the selfish Judas. To hear again those words, as he calmly faced the assassins, saying, "Whom seek ye? I am He. Think ye not that I could pray the Father and he would send me twelve legions of angels?" Oh, what power. Even when he submitted to become their prisoner he stood in all the majesty of a king,—surely his captors were his slaves.

Would I, Peter-like, follow him afar off? No; a thousand times no. If I went to that garden to-day I would gladly place my feet in his footsteps and go to the judgment hall with Him. Heaven grant that no cock will ever crow as the signal of my profanity and base denial.

Poor, impetuous Peter. How gladly would I go to the spot where he fell beneath the cross. Oh, that I could be Simon of Cyrene to help him as he went his weary way up the hill to Golgotha. I would sooner have a piece of that cross he carried than a king's royal palace.

Just think of it, to stand on the ground where they cast lots for the seamless coat that poor fallen Mary made for him in her little home at Bethany, after he had bathed her tarnished head in the pure waters of his unexampled love; to perhaps gaze upon the hole made by the cross in the rocky place on Calvary's hill; to witness again, as back through the ages we travel, the grand sacrifice to save the world.

Oh, to walk through the grass with Mary, and the other Mary, as they neared the sacred spot where lay all that was dear to their broken hearts. I seem to see them, in the semi-darkness, nearing the tomb. Ah, Joseph of Arimathea, could I but place my head in thy new tomb, given to the dead son of Mary. That the night stars hid for shame and the pale queen of night refused to shine, when rended rocks and tattered temple vail bore testimony to the death of God's greatest child.

But, thank God, that darkest of nights gave birth to a day whose sun will never know a setting. Sunday morning came at last; the twilight morn revealed to Mary him whom she supposed to be the gardener. One word from his blistered lips dispelled the night of sorrow from her life,—“Mary.” Oh, to see her spring forward to press a warm kiss upon his once dead brow. Thank God woman has redeemed herself. True, she made the mistake that brought death and sorrow into the world; but has she not made atonement, not only by her sufferings, but she it was that brought the Light of the World to redeem man. And in that garden, just merging from the night, Mary was made the honored instrument to become the first missionary of the grandest story that ever thrilled the heart of humanity, the resurrection from the dead.

Oh, could I follow him as he talked with the two disciples by the way. Could I sit with him at the table as he asked the blessing upon the common meal. Could my heart burn with theirs. Could I go to the seashore and watch him make breakfast for the hungry fishermen of Galilee. And last, could I go to the mountain crest where he gave his last blessing and see in memory those clouds receive him out of their sight.



THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Below we give a synopsis of a speech delivered by Bishop Evans, on the all important subject, "The Rights of Man."

The Church that I have enjoyed the honor of representing for more than forty years has frequently been considered a gathering of men and women bound to render implicit obedience in all things to their leaders, to obey counsel when given by those in authority, without question, to submit to every rule laid down by the priesthood, even when that rule is clearly and diametrically contrary to the law of God, as revealed in His word.

We are told that when our leaders take snuff, we must sneeze, that the priesthood can do no wrong, and that a blind submission to those in authority is indispensably necessary to the membership in the church. The charge has been laid, that while we as a church believe that in this age of the world, the Lord reveals His will as in Bible times, by the Holy Ghost in Tongues and interpretation of tongues, prophecy, visions and dreams, that no one can have a revelation but the President of the Church, that should the membership attempt to claim those marvelous manifestations, the President of the Church would at once denounce such as spurious and of the devil.

It is with a great pleasure that I can say to you, without fear of contradiction, that the above allegations are without foundation in truth, and it shall be my pleasure to show from the rules adopted by the church and from the word of the Lord, as accepted by the church, as also from the history of the church, that we fear God and accept Him as the great head of the church, and that no church organization upon the earth, has the right to claim more freedom and equality than the membership of the church of which I am a member, and that we, as a people stand for

unalienable rights of all. Never were nobler words written by any man, or printed in any book, nor adopted by any people than these, which have charmed and thrilled the world, "All men are created equal." Surely we stand for this great truth. We believe that any law that fosters favoritism, that protects one at the expense of another, that grants special privileges to one and restricted privileges to another, that favors a class and protects not the mass is diametrically opposed to the gospel of our Lord. The church is a democracy, God is a part of that democracy, and the autocrat never had a standing before God, and never will, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" is part of the burning message of the Divine leader, and the true church will never endorse an autocrat, nor be controlled by one. Joseph Smith said, "Equal rights and privileges is my motto; and one man is as good as another, if he behaves as well, and that all men should be esteemed alike, without regard to distinction of an official nature."—*Mill. Star* 15, 647.

Perhaps there is no message ever presented to the world by Joseph Smith that is freighted with more real value than this message: "There are many called but few chosen," and why are they not chosen? Because their hearts are set upon the things of the world, and are aspiring to the honors of men, they do not learn the lesson that the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven; and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness, that they may be conferred upon us it is true, but when we undertake to cover our sins, to gratify our pride, vain ambition, or to exercise dominion, or compulsion over the souls of the children of men in any degree of unrighteousness, behold the heavens withdraw themselves, the spirit of the Lord is grieved, "Then Amen to the Priesthood or to the authority of that Man," *Mill. Star*, Vol. 1 194.

The above surely exposes the allegation that we are bound to obey the leaders, and unquestionably submit to

the priesthood, and clearly announces that God confers priesthood or authority, to administer in holy things, but never has he delegated to any man, from the first presidency to the last man baptized into the church, the power to take the rights of the individual from him, nor has he authority to abridge the rights given in the law to a branch or district, in a word he has no authority to do wrong, or order that which is contrary to the law of the church and should they attempt to do that, and the individual or branch or district, refused to obey him, that person, branch or district, is not rebelling against priesthood, but is simply refusing to be controlled by Priestcraft. He need not worry over the thought that he is in rebellion to authority, but take comfort in the fact that neither God nor the church has given that man authority to make a ruling contrary to the law; in the language of Joseph Smith regarding such a minister, "Amen to the Priesthood or to the authority of that man."

There is nothing more sacred to the membership of the church of Christ than the revelations that God has given to the church as found in the sacred word, whether that revelation be found in the Bible, or given through the servants of the Lord in this age of the world, and while it is true that we do believe that the Lord is true to his promise, in that every creature in all the world who will obey the Gospel, may receive the gift of the Holy Ghost and enjoy the power of personal communion with the Lord in vision, dream, tongue, interpretation of tongue, or any other way as they did in the days of Apostolic Christianity, yet we as individuals and as branches, districts and general conferences have the right to pass upon those productions called revelations before we accept them as the mind of the Lord given for our direction and comfort. Nowhere in the law are we requested to obey until we understand and the person who would demand that we obey the instruction as given in a revelation before we had proved it, and tried it and judged it according to the law, is an autocrat.

When the church was charged with being compelled to obey the commandments as revealed to the church by Joseph Smith, without examination of them, Bishop Kelley made reply as follows:—

“When the Lord speaks, we are bound to hear and obey, but we are not bound to hear and obey before we know whether it is the Lord talking or not, no more than were the early Saints, or the Saints of the first century, as Paul says “If anything is given by the spirit to one, let the others judge,” never take away a man’s judgment if you expect him to do good, even in so particular a matter as of judging upon revelations or influences of the spirit.” Braden & Kelley, debate, page 344.

Permit me to show you that this was the rule of the church from the very beginning, the people had the right to vote on the revelations, and the law of common consent was adhered to from the very inception of the Church. “We had not long been engaged in solemn and earnest prayer when the word of the Lord came to us in the chamber of Father Whitmer, commanding us that I should ordain Oliver Cowdery to be an elder in the church of Jesus Christ, and that he should ordain me to the same office and then to ordain others as it should be made known unto us from time to time. We were, however, commanded to defer this our ordination until such times as it should be practicable to have our brethren who had been, and who should be baptized, assembled together, *When we must have their sanction to our thus proceeding to ordain each other and have them decide by vote whether they were willing to accept us as spiritual teachers or not.*” Supplement to Mill Star, Vol. 14 page 20.

This splendid example of the law of common consent, and the rights of the people to vote upon the revelations as given, is in keeping with the law as given by the Lord to the church all along the line. “For all things must be done in order, and by common consent in the church by the prayer of Faith.” Doc. & Cov. Sect. 27, paragraph 4.

We have been accused of being so domineered over by our priesthood that some of them can come into a branch or district, and select and appoint officers and ordain them without a call from the Lord, and without the vote of the branch or district, this we deny, and will furnish the law governing in such matters:—

“No person is to be ordained to any office in the church, where there is a regularly organized branch of the same, WITHOUT THE VOTE OF THAT CHURCH, but the presiding Elders, traveling Bishops, High Counselors, High Priests, and Elders may have the privilege of ordaining where there is no branch of the church, *That a vote may be called.* “Doc. & Cov. 17, 16.”

The general conference resolutions strongly confirm the above position, we could cite many of them, but perhaps one will suffice:—

Rule 124 says “That this conference considers it very improper for branches to ordain men not belonging to their branch or district, and more especially when it is done without the knowledge or *consent of the branch to which they belong*, and that we condemn all such action as unwise.”

“No official member of the church has authority to go into any branch thereof, and ordain any minister for that church unless it is by the voice of that branch; no Elder has authority to go into any branch of the church and appoint meetings or attempt to regulate the affairs of the church, without the advice and consent of the presiding Elder of that branch.” Joseph Smith, Mill Star, Vol. 15, page 261.

“No man has the right to usurp authority or power over any church, nor has any man power to preside over any church unless he is solicited and received by the voice of that church to preside.” Joseph Smith, Mill Star, Vol. 17, page 342.

Now for some one or more to circulate that certain members of the Priesthood have the right to go into branches

and districts and ordain men and place them in authority over branches or districts without the vote of said branch or district is contrary to all the law of the church as given under the spirit of the Lord, such a member of the Priesthood would be going contrary to the law as plainly cited above. He would be doing just what is condemned by the law. He would be an arbitrary ruler, a sinful dictator, an autocrat and as stated above, of such a one the Lord would say, "Amen to the priesthood or the authority of that man."

Dear Brethren, according to the revelations which the church believe God gave, the Lord himself would not do what some men would like to do with what they call their authority. Hear him on the rights of the people:—

"I give unto you that you should fill all these offices and approve of those names which I have mentioned, or *else* disapprove of them at my general conference," Doc. and Cov. Sect. 107, Par. 46; that this is the understanding of the church, I cite the Church History Vol. I, Page 63:—

"It is not inconsistent to charge a man with seeking to be a dictator and an arbitrary ruler, who revealed the principle that the right was inherent in the body to even reject *the revelations of God Himself*, if they so chose, subject of course, to the consequences of such rejection." That this is still the rule of the body of Christ, I quote:—

The sole mouthpiece of the church is Jesus Christ, we are to receive commandments as a church only as Christ communicates the same, and we are entitled as a church *to be first satisfied that Christ did give any commandment purporting to come from Him before accepting or receiving the same.* General Conference Resolutions, 308.

"That all private members, male and female have a right to Vote on all questions, that the elders may deem of sufficient importance to bring before the church." Church Resolutions 87.

Surely no man in good standing in the church will say, when God condescends to impart the Holy Ghost to a member of the church, inspiring him or her to bring forth a revelation to the people, that the word of the Lord is not of sufficient importance to be presented to the people for their approval or disapproval, as the above statements from the books show, hence we opine that when a revelation is given to any member of the church, that it is the right of the membership to vote upon it, as the books surely command us to do, that this is the true position if the books quoted above is still to be authority in the church, we think cannot be successfully contradicted, and hence we take the position that those who have taken an opposite position are not sound in the faith.

Now permit us to go to the Bible and see what the law says about these matters:—

1 Cor. 14, 13-19; Paul is speaking concerning those who have the gift of tongues, he pleads the necessity of having the interpretation of the tongue so that those to whom the spirit has conveyed the message, may understand it and be able to approve it, "Else when thou shalt bless with the spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen."

We learn from this that when the spirit reveals a message, it is the right of the people to say Amen, what does this mean? Answer "Amen" is an expression of affirmation or of expressing his assent." Barnes, on the New Testament. "Amen" involves the idea of swearing acceptance and truthfulness. Smith's Bible dictionary. "Amen"—To say Amen is to sanction, to ratify, a term used in solemn ratification of expression of faith."

"Amen" to approve warmly. Webster Dictionary.

Psalms 106, 48, "And let all the people say Amen."

Surely this doth prove that when a revelation is given the people have the right to vote upon it, any rule to pre-

vent ratification would be autocratic. 1 Cor. 14, 29, "Let the prophets speak, two or three, and let the others judge." Let the learned commentator Dr. Barnes inform us what this judgment means, he says in his notes on the New Testament:—

"The meaning is that the people in the congregation should decide whether what was said was dictated by the Holy Spirit or not. It is possible that those who claim to be prophets might err, *and it was the duty of all to examine whether that which was uttered was in accordance with truth.* If this was the duty then it is a duty now; no man is to be debarred from the right of canvassing freely and comparing with the Bible and with sound reason all that the minister of the Gospel advances; no minister who has just views of his office and a proper acquaintance with the truth, and confidence in it, would desire to prohibit the people from the most full and free examination of all he utters. Religion advances just in proportion as this spirit of candid and earnest and prayerful examination prevails among a people." Barnes on 1 Cor. 14. 29.

"To judge" is to try and determine a case. Gardiner's Encyclopaedia.

"To judge" to hear and determine, to decide, to form an opinion. Webster's Dict.

1 Thes. 5, 19-21, "Despise not prophesyings, prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

There are few more important rules in the New Testament than the one in this passage, it shows what is the nature of true Christianity. Christianity asks us to examine everything. Error, superstition, bigotry and fanaticism attempts to repress free discussion by saying that there are certain things which are too sacred in their nature to permit their being subjected to the scrutiny of common eyes, or handled by commons hands. In opposition to all this, Christianity requires us to examine everything, no matter by whom held, or by *what Councils ordained, we are to re-*

ceive no opinion until we are convinced that it is true. Barnes on 1 Thes. 5, 19-21.

I fully agree with the above, no councils or no man, be he whomsoever he may be, has ever received authority from God to forbid any member of the church, or branch or district from voting on any revelation presented to him or them. We have the God given right to examine and pass judgment, so says the law of God in every age including our time. 1 John 4, 1, "Beloved believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world."

If it be true that when a spiritual manifestation is given, that we are in no way, to judge, prove, examine, denounce, or ratify or in any way determine upon its truth or falsity, pray tell me what benefit will we derive from the information imparted in the revelation. To me the only safe and proper way would be to examine it and get an opinion of the people by vote, as the law instructs us, and those who would advise otherwise, would be in opposition to the above advice to "Try the spirits."

We are informed that it was the way of the Lord that he should impart the priesthood, or authority to officially represent Him direct from heaven, by revelation, hence the office work of the Holy Ghost to call men to the ministry as the following will show:—A very important question was propounded to Christ himself on this matter, "By what authority doest thou these things and who gave thee this authority". Mark 11, 27. The New Testament clearly answers this burning question in many places, a few will suffice here:—

John 3, 27, "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." From this we learn that no man need to shower favors upon men in authority in order to receive true priesthood. Paul speaking on this question says "No man taketh this honor (The Priesthood) unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron." This man

Aaron was called of God to the priesthood, he giving the prophet Moses a revelation to call Aaron, but I read some time ago, that Aaron was duty bound to obey the voice of Moses, he did not require to know from God for himself that the Lord had selected him, but the reverse is true, please read the same chapter in which the revelation is given to Moses concerning Aaron, and you will find God spoke to Aaron and told him of his call. I affirm that no man should be requested to take the word of man on this all important matter, which is to change the whole course of his life, perhaps separate him from his wife and children for years at a time, as he goes forth to preach the gospel to the nations without having a knowledge direct from God, as to his call, God is not some other man's father and my step father, he has no pets, he "giveth to all men liberally" saith the word. "The manifestation of the spirit is given to every man." Why trust in the arm of flesh on this matter? If God calls you shall hear. Paul informs us that "Christ glorified not himself to be made an High Priest—but that he was called of God an High Priest after the order of Melchisedec."

We may add that the distinctive plea of the church of Jesus Christ was and is and will be as long as it abides in "the faith once delivered to the saints," that God calls men by direct revelation to the ministry, that when the revelation is announced that the man has the God-given right to know from Heaven, that the Lord has spoken, that the revelation calling the man, should be submitted to the membership, they have the right to vote upon that call, to judge, to try, to prove, to ratify, to endorse the revelation and holy calling. The people of his branch have proved the revelation to be of God, and the proper authorities approving, come forth and ordain, then the man goes forth on his holy work as a priest of God, and then he can look to the Lord for the help he will require to perform his sacred work; for any man, anywhere, no matter what position he may occupy, to attempt to abridge these rights, as given by the Lord and acknowledged by the true servants of the Lord

in this and other dispensations, doth but give proof that they are not in the faith as once delivered to the saints, and to disobey their human methods, is in no degree being in rebellion to true priesthood or true authority.

I am convinced that were this law to be honored, and the call of God given before every ordination, then men should receive power from on high, they would deliver a message from the sky, the gospel would not come in word only but in the power of the highest, and while the sermons would not be a display of scholarship, they would be as burning passionate messages from the eternal. We would have men like Peter and Paul, the dark perpetual Gethsemane in which the sinsick world is suffering now, does not require a bungling uninspired ministry, but they are crying aloud for the Prophet, the big brother, the man with a message, the man who can say truthfully, "*Having been commissioned by Jesus Christ I come to represent Him, as He was represented to the people on the sun-kissed shores of Galilee.*" The marvelous work and wonder of the latter day message should be accompanied by the power that attended it when presented by the apostles of old and then the promise would be fulfilled "That the weak things of the world, those who are unlearned and despised shall thrash the nations by the power of my spirit, and their arm shall be my arm and I will be their shield and buckler, and I will gird up their loins, and they shall fight manfully for me, and their enemies shall be under their feet, and I will let fall the sword on their behalf and by the fire of mine indignation will I preserve them." Doc. and Cov. 34,4.

We think we know what Jesus meant when he said "I thank thee, Father, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes." Matt. 11, 25., and why Paul said "God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the things which are mighty, *that no flesh should glory in His presence.*" 1 Cor. 1 27. "That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God" 1 Cor. 2, 5. Yes, Oh yes,

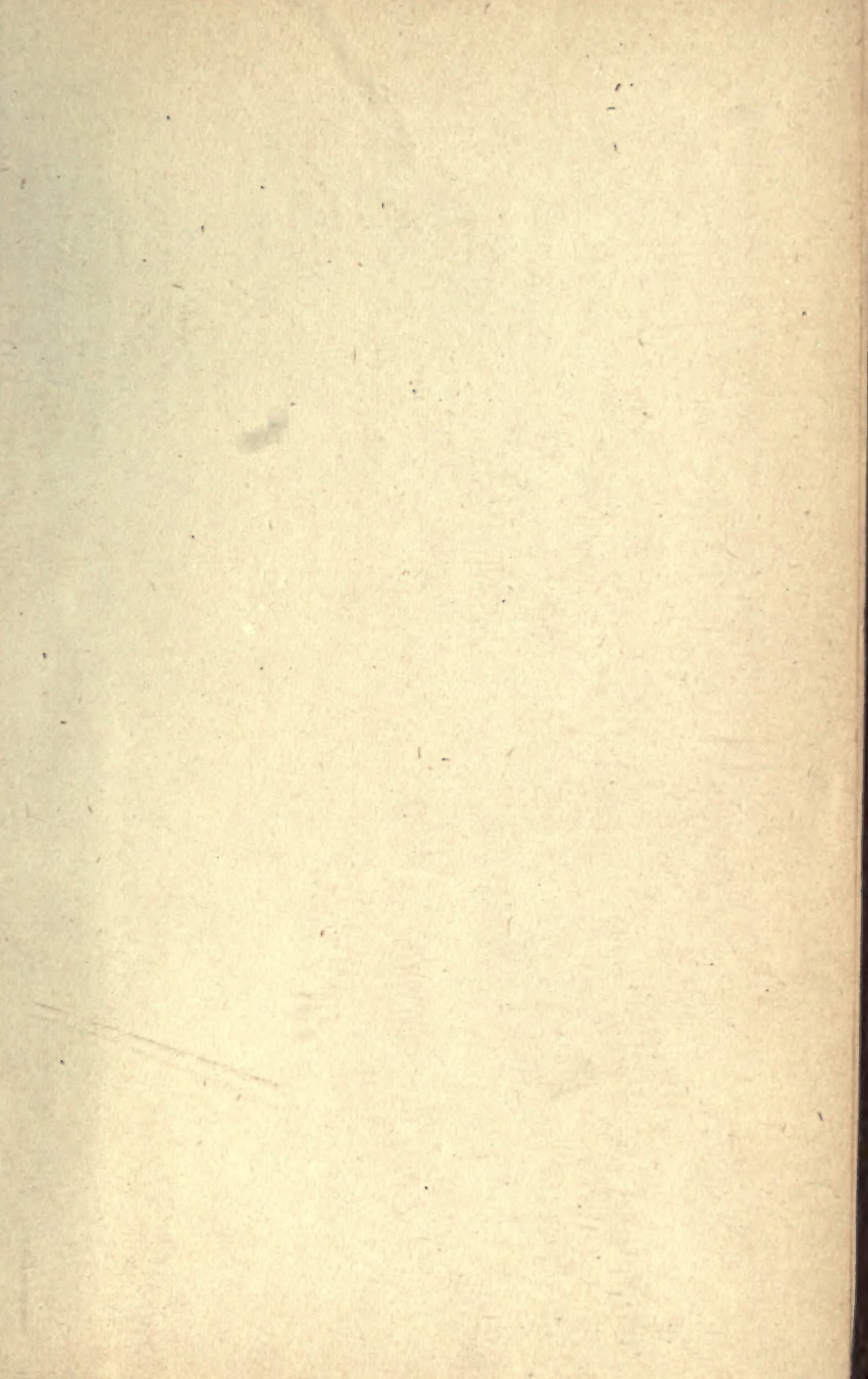
it was the way of the Lord to select the unlearned Peter and ignorant John, Acts 4 13, to show forth His power. Some men would have it different now, and they spend the best days of their lives in college and university, "Ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," they are always reading what some uninspired man, some natural man, some man carnally minded, to whom the spiritual things of God are foolishness, 1 Cor. 2. Taking lessons from some worldly minded man, from whom the things of God are hid, trying to find out from him how to run the kingdom of God, when that man would not recognize the kingdom of God if he saw it rolling down hill. Some of the would-be great men have developed along educational lines that they would hardly think of sharpening a lead pencil before they would consult some college professor, and because I say such things I am told that I am denouncing education; this is false, education is a good thing, but God has promised the man whom He calls that he will make him a power, he has done this and will continue to do. If it was necessary to have a college-bred ministry, why did not the Lord choose such from the Sandhedrim at Jerusalem? No, He went to the seaside for the fishermen, and to the tent maker, and the tax collector, and right here let me give you a statement from a great authority on this matter. "Therefore Jesus chose of the multitude that attended his discourses twelve persons whom he separated from the rest by the name of apostles, *these men were illiterate, poor and of mean extraction*, and such alone were truly proper to answer the views of the Divine Saviour. He avoided making use of the ministry of persons endowed of eloquence and learning, *lest the fruits of their embassy and the progress of the Gospel should be attributed to human and natural causes.*" Mosheim Eccl. Ch. His. 1, Ch. 3, P. 56.

Yes that was his way then and it is now, that no flesh should glory in His presence, such men trusted in the spirit and the Holy Ghost was their celestial guide, then their ignorance was turned into light, their doubts into certainty, their fears into invincible fortitude and their former back-

wardness into an ardent and inextinguishable zeal, so this and other writers affirm, they were remarkable rather for their piety rather than college training, but they walked with God and had the power of the spirit that searcheth the deep things of God, so may the ministry called of God to-day be endowed. We may talk of our so-called science, but God hasten the day when the decrepitude of the ministry will pass away, and they shall be blessed with the power that set abloom the rose of health upon the palid face of invalidism, the power that saith, they shall lay hands upon the sick and they shall recover, the power that the very shadow of Peter caused the sick to be healed, the power that made them the marvelous men of the world.

In closing permit me to say, I am convinced that we are on the verge of a great change. May we return to our first love, stand by the gospel as God has revealed it, let no man take our crown, nor abridge our right, but may we stand firm in the liberty wherein Christ has made us free, and so go on until the world is warned and Christ shall come in His glory is my prayer. God has promised saying,

When I speak the church shall tremble,
And the world shall feel the power,
Then my servants will be called Priests and Kings,
They shall teach and rule the nations
Until every knee shall bow,
And the universe my coronation sings.



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